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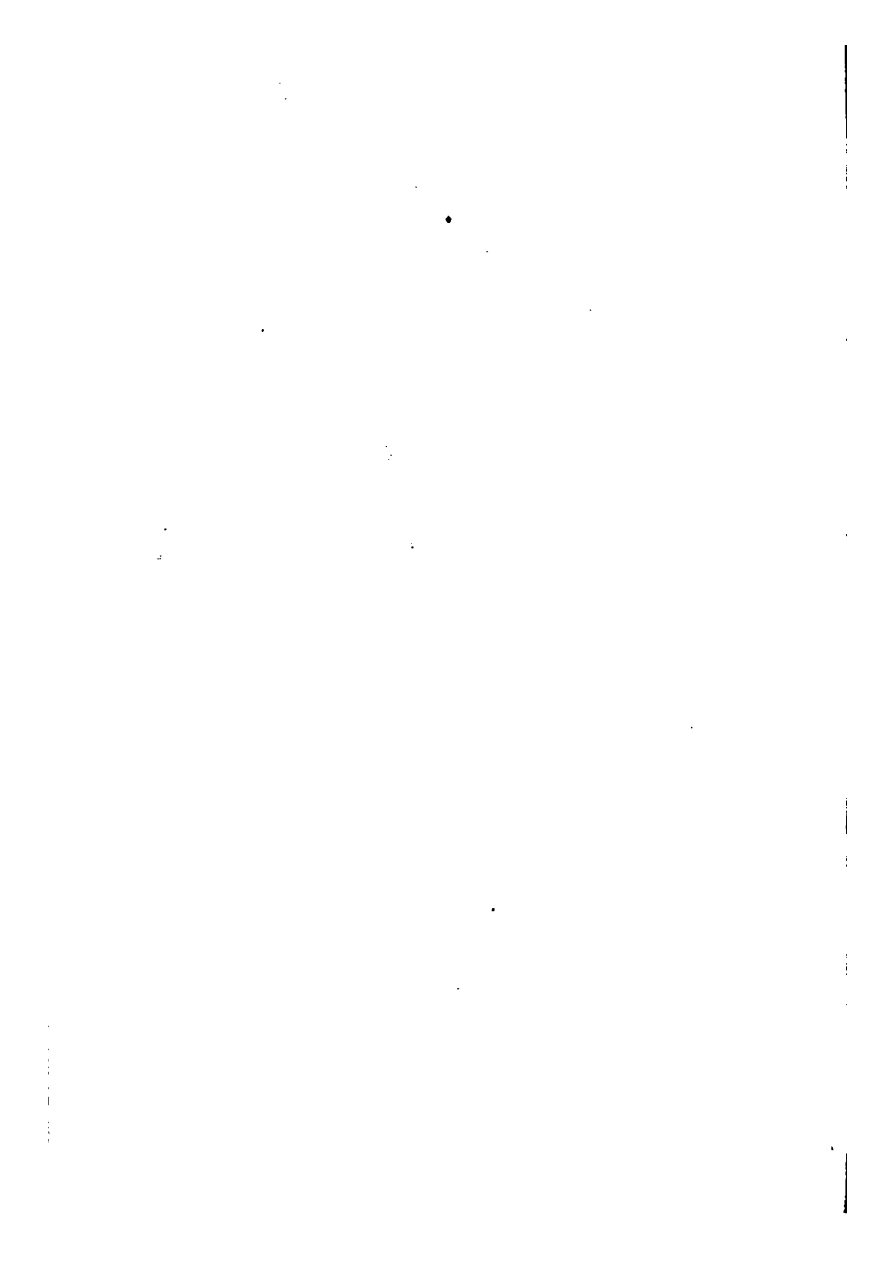
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VOL. 3554.

THE BENEFACTRESS.
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Russell, Mary Annette (Beauchamp) Russell, countess:

THE BENEFACTRESS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN"

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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THE BENEFACTRESS.

CHAPTER I.

BUT in spite of this little outburst of gratitude and appreciation from Fräulein Kuhräuber, the first evening of the new life was a disappointment. The *Fräulein*, who entered the room so happily under the impression of that recent kiss, became awkward and uncomfortable the moment she caught sight of the others; lapsing, indeed, into a quite pitiful state of nervous flutter on being brought for the first time within the range of the princess's critical and unsympathetic eye. Her experience had not included princesses, and, as she made a series of agitated curtseys, deeming one altogether insufficient for so great a lady, she felt as though that cold eye were piercing her through easily, and had already discovered the inmost recess of her soul, where lay, so carefully hidden, the memory of the postman. Every

8.4 5.

time the princess looked at her, a sudden vivid consciousness of the postman flamed up within her, utterly refusing to be extinguished by the soothing recollection that he had been angelic for thirty years. That obviously experienced eye and those pursed lips upset her so completely that she made no remark whatever during the meal that followed, but sat next to Anna and ate *Leberwurst* in a kind of uneasy dream; and she ate it with a degree of emphasis so unusual among the polite and so disastrous to the peace of the ultra-fastidious, that Anna felt there really was some slight excuse for the frequent and lengthy stares that came from the other end of the table. "Yet she is an immortal soul—what does it matter how she eats *Leberwurst*?" said Anna to herself. "What do such trifles, such little mannerisms, really matter? I should indeed be a miserable creature if I let them annoy me." But she turned her head away, nevertheless, and talked assiduously to Letty.

There was no one else for her to talk to. Frau von Treumann and the baroness had seated themselves at once one on either side of the princess, and devoted their conversation entirely to her. In the drawing-room later on the same thing happened; the three German ladies clustering together near the sofa, and the three English being left somehow to themselves, except for Fräulein Kuhräuber, who clung to

them. To avoid this division into what looked like hostile camps Anna pushed her chair to a place midway between the groups, and tried to join, though not very successfully, in the talk of each in turn. Outward calm prevailed in the room, subdued voices, the tranquillity of fancy-work, and the peace of albums; yet Anna could not avoid a chilled impression, a feeling as though each person present were distrustful of the others, and more or less on the defensive. Frau von Treumann, it is true, was graciousness itself to the princess, conversing with her constantly and amiably, and showing herself kind; but, on the other hand, the princess was hardly gracious to Frau von Treumann. An unbiassed observer would have said that she disapproved of Frau von Treumann, but was endeavouring to conceal her disapproval. She busied herself with her embroidery and talked as little as she could, receiving both the advances of Frau von Treumann and the attentions of the baroness with equal coldness.

As for the baroness, her doubts as to Anna's respectability were blown away completely and for ever when, on opening the drawing-room door before supper, she had beheld no less a person than the *geborene* Dettingen seated on the sofa. The baroness had spent her life in a remote and tiny provincial town, but she knew the great Dettingen and Penheim families well by name, and a princess in her opinion

was a princess, an altogether precious and admirable creature, whatever she might choose to do. Her scruples, then, were set at rest, but her ice as far as Anna was concerned showed no signs of thawing. All her amiability and her efforts to produce a good impression were lavished on the princess, who besides being by birth and marriage the grandest person the baroness had yet met, spoke her own tongue properly, had no dimples, and did not try to stroke her hand. She looked on with mingled awe and irritation at the easy manner in which Frau von Treumann treated this great lady. It almost seemed as though she were patronising her. Really these Treumanns were a brazen-faced race; audacious East Prussian Junkers, who thought themselves as good as or better than the best. And this one was not even a true Treumann, but an Ilmas, and of the inferior Kadenstein branch; and the baroness's brother—that brother whose end was so abrupt—had been quartered once during the manœuvres at Kadenstein, and had told her that it was a wretched place, with a fowl-run that wanted mending within a few yards of the front-door, and that, the door standing open all day long, he had frequently met fowls walking about in the hall and passages. Yet remembering the brother's story, and how there was no shadow of the sort resting at present on Frau von Treumann, though as she had a son there was

no telling how long her shadowless state would last, she tried to ingratiate herself with that lady, who met her advances coolly, only warming into something like responsiveness when Fräulein Kuhräuber was in question.

Fräulein Kuhräuber sat behind Letty and Miss Leech, as far away from the others as she could. She had a stocking in her hand, but she did not knit. She never knitted if she could avoid it, and was conscious that from want of practice her needles moved more slowly than is usual—so slowly, indeed, as to be conspicuous. Letty showed her photographs and was very kind to her, instinctively perceiving that here was someone who was as uneasy under the tall lady's stares as she was herself. She privately thought her by far the best of the new arrivals, and wished she knew enough German to inquire into her views respecting Schiller; there was something in the Fräulein's looks and manner that made her think they would agree about Schiller.

Anna, too, ended by talking exclusively to this group. Her attempts to join in what the others were saying had been unsuccessful; and with a little twinge of disappointment, and a feeling of being for some unexplained reason curiously out of it, she turned to Fräulein Kuhräuber, and devoted herself more and more to her.

"They are inseparables already," remarked the

baroness in a low voice to Frau von Treumann. "The Miss finds her congenial it seems." She could not forgive those doors she had gone through last.

The princess looked up for a moment over the spectacles she wore when she worked, at Anna.

"Fräulein Kuhräuber makes an excellent foil," said Frau von Treumann. "Miss Estcourt looks quite ethereal next to her."

"Do you think her pretty?" asked the baroness.

"She is very distinguished-looking."

A servant came in at that moment and announced Dellwig's usual evening visit, and Anna got up and went out. They watched her as she walked down the long room, and when she had disappeared began to discuss her more at their ease, their rapid German being quite incomprehensible to Letty and Miss Leech.

"Where has she gone?" asked the baroness.

"She has gone to talk to her inspector," said the princess.

"*Ach so*," said the baroness.

"*Ach so*," said Frau von Treumann.

"Is the inspector young?" asked the baroness.

"Oh no, quite old," said the princess.

"These English are a strange race," said Frau von Treumann. "What German girl of that age would you find with so much energy and enterprise?"

"Is she so very young?" inquired the baroness, with a look of mild surprise.

"Why, she is plainly little more than a child," said Frau von Treumann.

"She is twenty-five," said the princess.

"Rather an old child," observed the baroness.

"She looks much younger. But twenty-five is surely young enough for this life, away from her own people," said Frau von Treumann.

"Yes—why does she lead it?" asked the baroness eagerly. "Can you tell us, Frau Prinzessin? Has she then quarrelled with all her friends?"

"Miss Estcourt has not told me so."

"But she must have quarrelled. Eccentric as the English are, there are limits to their eccentricity, and no one leaves home and friends and country without some good reason." And Frau von Treumann shook her head.

"She has quarrelled, I am sure," said the baroness.

"I think so too," said Frau von Treumann; "I thought so from the first. My son also thought so. You remember Karlchen, princess?"

"Perfectly."

"I discussed the question thoroughly with him, of course, as to whether I should come here or not. I confess I did not want to come. It was a great wrench, giving up everything, and going so far from

my son. But after all one must not be selfish." And Frau von Treumann sighed and paused.

No one said anything, so she continued, "One feels, as one grows older, how great are the claims of others. And a widow with only one son can do so much—can make herself of so much use. That is what Karlchen said. When I hesitated—for I fear one does hesitate before inconvenience—he said '*Liebste Mama*, it would be a charity to go to the poor young lady. You who have always been the first to extend a sympathetic hand to the friendless, how is it that you hesitate now? Depend upon it, she has had differences at home and needs countenance and help. You have no encumbrances. You can go more easily than others. You must regard it as a good work.' And that decided me."

The princess let her work drop for a moment into her lap, and gazed over her spectacles at Frau von Treumann. "*Wirklich?*" she said in a voice of deep interest, "Those were your reasons? *Aber herrlich.*"

"Yes, those were my reasons," replied Frau von Treumann, returning her gaze with pensive but steady eyes. "Those were my chief reasons. I regard it as a work of charity."

"But this is noble," murmured the princess, resuming her work.

"That is how *I* have regarded it," put in the

baroness. "I agree with you entirely, dear Frau von Treumann."

"I do not pretend to disguise," went on Frau von Treumann, "that it is an economy for me to live here, but poor as I have been since my dear husband's death—you remember Karl, princess?"

"Perfectly."

"Poor as I have been, I always had sufficient for my simple wants, and should not have dreamed of altering my life if Miss Estcourt's letters had not been so appealing."

"*Ach*—they were appealing?"

"Oh, a heart of stone would have been melted by them. And a widow's heart is not of stone, as you must know yourself. The orphan appealing to the widow—it was irresistible."

"Well, you see she is not by any means alone," said the princess cheerfully. "Here we are, five of us counting the little Letty, surrounding her. So you must not sacrifice yourself unnecessarily."

"Oh, I am not one of those who having put their hand to the plough——"

"But where is the plough, dear Frau von Treumann? You see there is, after all, no plough."

"Dear princess, you always were so literal."

"Ah, you used to reproach me with that in the old days, when you wrote poetry and read it to me, and I was rude enough to ask if it meant anything."

We did not think then that we should meet here, did we?"

"No, indeed. And I cannot tell you how much I admire your courage."

"My courage? What fine qualities you invest me with."

"Miss Estcourt has told me how admirably you discharge your duties here. It is wonderful to me. You are an example to us all; and you make me feel ashamed of my own uselessness."

"Oh, you underrate yourself. People who leave everything to go and help others cannot talk of being useless. Yes, I look after her house for her, and I hope to look after her as well."

"After her? Is that one of your duties? Did she stipulate for personal supervision when she engaged you? How times are changed. When my Karl was alive, and we lived at Sommershof, I certainly would not have tolerated that my housekeeper should keep me in order as well as my house."

"The case was surely different, dear Frau von Treumann. Here is an unusually pretty young thing, with money. She will need all the protection I can give her, and it is a satisfaction to me to feel that I am here and able to give it."

"But she may any day turn round and request you to go."

"That of course may happen, but I hope it will not until she is safe."

"But do you think her so pretty?" put in the baroness wonderingly.

"Safe? What special dangers do you then apprehend for her?" asked Frau von Treumann with a look of amusement. "Dear princess, you always did take your duties so seriously. What a treasure you would have been to me in many ways. It is admirable. But do your duties really include watching over Miss Estcourt's heart? For I suppose you are thinking of her heart?"

"I am thinking of adventurers," said the princess. "Any young man with no money would naturally be delighted to secure this young lady and Kleinwalde. And those who, instead of money, have debts would naturally be still more delighted." And the princess in her turn gazed pensively but steadily at Frau von Treumann. "No," she said, taking up her work again, "I was not thinking of her heart, but of the annoyance she might be put to. I do not fancy that her heart would easily be touched."

Anna came in at that moment for a paper she wanted, and heard the last words. "What?" she said, smiling, as she unlocked the drawer of her writing-table and rummaged among the contents, "You are talking about hearts? You see it is true that women can't be together half an hour without

getting onto subjects like that. If you were three men, now, you would talk of pigs." Then a sudden recollection of Uncle Joachim coming into her mind, she added with conviction, "And pigs are better."

Nor was it till she had closed the door behind her that it struck her that when she came into the room both the princess and Frau von Treumann were looking preternaturally bland.

CHAPTER II.

AXEL LOHM was in the hall, having his coat taken from him by a servant.

"You here?" exclaimed Anna, holding out both hands. She was more than usually pleased to see him.

"Manske had a pile of letters for you, and could not get them to you because he has a pastors' conference at his house. I was there and saw the letters, and thought you might want them."

"Oh, I don't want them—at least, there is no hurry. But the letters are only an excuse. Now isn't it so?"

"An excuse?" he repeated, flushing.

"You want to see the new arrivals."

"Not in the very least."

"Oh, oh! But as you have come one minute too soon, and happened to meet me outside the door, your plan is spoilt. Are those the letters? What a pile!" Her face fell.

"But you are looking for nine more ladies. You

want a wide choice. You have still the greater part of your work before you."

"I know. Why do you tell me that?"

"Because you do not seem pleased to get them."

"Oh yes, I am; but I am tired to-night, and the idea of nine more ladies makes me feel—feel sleepy."

She stood under the lamp, holding the packet loosely by its string and smiling up to him. There were shadows in her eyes, he thought, where he was used to seeing two cheerful little lights shining, and a faint ruefulness in the smile.

"Well, if you are tired you must go to bed," he said, in such a matter of fact tone that they both laughed.

"No, I mustn't," said Anna; "I am on my way to Herr Dellwig at this very moment. He's in there," she said, with a motion of her head towards the dining-room door. "Tell me," she added, lowering her voice, "have you got a brick-kiln at Lohm?"

"A brick-kiln? No. Why do you want to know?"

"But why haven't you got a brick-kiln?"

"Because there is nothing to make bricks with. Lohm is almost entirely sand."

"He says there is splendid clay here in one part, and wants to build one."

"Who? Dellwig?"

"Sh—sh."

"Your uncle would have built one long ago if there really had been clay. I must look at the place he means. I cannot remember any such place. And it is unlikely that it should be as he says. Pray do not agree to any propositions of the kind hastily."

"It would cost heaps to set it going, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, and probably bring in nothing at all."

"But he tries to make out that it would be quite cheap. He says the timber could all be got out of the forest. I can't bear the thought of cutting down a lot of trees."

"If you can't bear the thought of anything he proposes, then simply refuse to consider it."

"But he talks and talks till it really seems that he is right. He told me just now that it would double the value of the estate."

"I don't believe it."

"If I made bricks, according to him I could take in twice as many poor ladies."

"I believe you will be happier with fewer ladies and no bricks," said Axel with great positiveness.

Anna stood thinking. Her eyes were fixed on the tip of the finger she had passed through the loop of string that tied the letters together, and she watched it as the packet twisted round and round and pinched it redder and redder. "I suppose you

never wanted to be a woman," she said, considering this phenomenon with apparent interest.

Axel laughed.

"The mere question makes you laugh," she said, looking up quickly. "I never heard of a man who did want to. But lots of women would give anything to be men."

"And you are one of them?"

"Yes."

He laughed again.

"You think I would make a queer little man?" she said, laughing too; but her face became sober immediately, and with a glance at the shut dining-room door she continued, "It is so horrid to feel weak. My sister Susie says I am very obstinate. Perhaps I was with her, but different people have different effects on one." She sank her voice to a whisper, and looked at him anxiously. "You can't think what an *effort* it is to me to say No to that man."

"What, to Dellwig?"

"Sh—sh."

"But if that is how you feel, my dear Miss Estcourt, it is very evident that the man must go."

"How easy it is to say that! Pray, who is to tell him to go?"

"I will, if you wish."

"If you were a woman, do you suppose you

would be able to turn out an old servant who has worked here so many years?"

"Yes, I am sure I would, if I felt that he was getting beyond my control."

"No, you wouldn't. All sorts of things would stop you. You would remember that your uncle specially told you to keep him on, that he has been here ages, that he was faithful and devoted——"

"I do not believe there was much devotion."

"Oh yes, there was. The first evening he cried about dear Uncle Joachim."

"He cried?" repeated Axel, incredulously.

"He did indeed."

"It was about something else, then."

"No, he really cried about Uncle Joachim. He really loved him."

Axel looked profoundly unconvinced.

"But after all those are not the real reasons," said Anna; "they ought to be, but they're not. The simple truth is that I am a coward, and I am frightened—dreadfully frightened—of possible scenes." And she looked at him and laughed ruefully. "There—you see what it is to be a woman. If I were a man, how easy things would be. Please consider the mortification of knowing that if he persuades long enough I shall give in, against my better judgment. He has the strongest will I think I ever came across."

"But you have not yet given in, I hope, on any point of importance?"

"Up to now I have managed to say No to everything I don't want to do. But you would laugh if you knew what those Nos cost me. Why cannot the place go on as it was? I am perfectly satisfied. But hardly a day passes without some wonderful new plan being laid before me, and he talks—oh, how he talks! I believe he would convince even you."

"The man is quite beyond your control," said Axel in a voice of anger; and voices of anger commonly being loud voices, this one produced the effect of three doors being simultaneously opened: the door leading to the servants' quarters, through which Marie looked and vanished again, retreating to the kitchen to talk prophetically of weddings; the dining-room door behind which Dellwig had grown more and more impatient at being kept waiting so long; and the drawing-room door, on the other side of which the baroness had been lingering for some moments, desiring to go upstairs for her scissors, but hesitating to interrupt Anna's business with the inspector, whose voice she thought it was that she heard.

The baroness shut her door again immediately. "Aha—the admirer!" she said to herself; and went back quickly to her seat. "The Miss is talking to a *junge Herr*," she announced, her eyes wider open than ever.

"A *junge Herr*?" echoed Frau von Treumann.
"I thought the inspector was old?"

"It must be Axel Lohm," said the princess, not raising her eyes from her work. "He often comes in."

"He comes courting, evidently," said the baroness with a sub-acid smile.

"It has not been evident to me," said the princess coldly.

"I thought it looked like it," said the baroness, with more meekness.

"Is that the Lohm who was engaged to one of the Kiederfels girls some years ago?" asked Frau von Treumann.

"Yes, and she died."

"But did he not marry soon afterwards? I heard he married."

"That was the second brother. This one is the eldest, and lives next to us, and is single."

Frau von Treumann was silent for a moment. Then she said blandly, "Now confess, princess, that *he* is the perilous person from whom you think it necessary to defend Miss Estcourt."

"Oh no," said the princess with equal blandness; "I have no fears about him."

"What, is he too possessed of an invulnerable heart?"

"I know nothing of his heart. I said, I believe,

adventurers. And no one could call Axel Lohm an adventurer. I was thinking of men who have run through all their own and all their relations' money in betting and gambling, and who want a wife who will pay their debts."

"*Ach so*," said Frau von Treumann with perfect urbanity. And if this talk about protecting Miss Estcourt from adventurers in a place where there were apparently no human beings of any kind, but only trees and marshes, might seem to a bystander to be foolishness, to the speakers it was luminousness itself, and in no way increased their love for each other.

Meanwhile Dellwig, looking through the door and seeing Lohm, brought his heels together and bowed with his customary exaggeration. "I beg a thousand times pardon," he said; "I thought the gracious Miss was engaged and would not return, and I was about to go home."

"I have found the paper, and am coming," said Anna, coldly. "Well, good-night," she added in English, holding out her hand to Axel.

"If you will allow me, I should like to pay my respects to Princess Ludwig before I go," he said, thinking thus to see her later.

"Ah! wasn't I right?" she said, smiling. "You are determined to look at the new arrivals. How can a man be so inquisitive? But I will say good-night

all the same. I shall be ages with Herr Dellwig, and shall not see you again." She shook hands with him, and went into the dining-room, Dellwig standing aside with deep respect to let her pass. But she turned to say something to him as he shut the door, and Axel caught the expression of her face, the intense boredom on it, the profound distrust of self; and he went in to the princess with an unusually severe and determined look on his own.

Dellwig went home that night in a savage mood. "That young man," he said to his wife, flinging his hat and coat onto a chair and himself onto a sofa, "is thrusting himself more and more into our affairs."

"That Lohm?" she asked, rolling up her work preparatory to fetching his evening drink.

"I had almost got the Miss to consent to the brick-kiln. She was quite reasonable, and went out to get the plan I had made. Then she met him—he is always hanging about."

"And then?" inquired Frau Dellwig, eagerly.

"Pah—this petticoat government—having to beg and pray for the smallest concession—it makes an honest man sick."

"She will not consent?"

"She came back as obstinate as a mule. It all had to be gone into again from the beginning."

"She will not consent?"

"She said Lohm would look at the place and advise her."

"*Aber so was!*" cried Frau Dellwig, crimson with wrath. "Advise her? Did you not tell her that you were her adviser?"

"You may be sure I did. I told her plainly enough, I fancy, that Lohm had nothing to say here, and that her uncle had always listened to me. She sat without speaking, as she generally does, not even looking at me—I never can be sure that she is even listening."

"And then?"

"I asked her at last if she had lost confidence in me."

"And then?"

"She said *oh nein*, in her affected foreign way—in the sort of voice that might just as well mean *oh ja*." And he imitated, with great bitterness, Anna's way of speaking German. "Mark my words, Frau, she is as weak as water for all her obstinacy, and the last person who talks to her can always bring her round."

"Then you must be the last person."

"If it were not for that prig Lohm, that interfering ass, that incomparable rhinoceros——"

"He wants to marry her, of course."

"If he marries her——" Dellwig stopped short, and stared gloomily at his muddy boots.

"If he marries her——" repeated his wife; but she too stopped short. They both knew well enough what would happen to them if he married her.

The building of the brick-kiln had come to be a point of honour with the Dellwigs. Ever since Anna's arrival, their friends the neighbouring farmers and inspectors had been congratulating them on their complete emancipation from all manner of control; for of course a young, ignorant lady would leave the administration of her estate entirely in her inspector's hands, confining her activities, as became a lady of birth, to paying the bills. Dellwig had not doubted that this would be so, and had boasted loudly and continually of the different plans he had made and was going to carry out. The estate of which he was now practically master was to become renowned in the province for its enterprise and the extent, in every direction, of its operations. The brick-kiln was a long-cherished scheme. His oldest friend and rival, the head inspector of a place on the other side of Stralsund, had one, and had constantly urged him to have one too; but old Joachim, without illusions as to the quality of the clay, and by no manner of means to be talked into disbelieving the evidence of his own eyes, would not hear of it, and Dellwig felt there was nothing to be done in the face of that curt refusal. The friend, triumphing in his own

brick-kiln and his own more pliable master, jeered, dug him in the ribs at the Sunday gatherings, and talked of dependence, obedience, and restricted powers. Such friends are difficult to endure with composure; and Dellwig, and still less his wife, for many months past had hardly been able to bear the word brick mentioned in their presence. When Anna appeared on the scene, so young, so foreign, and so obviously foolish, Dellwig, certain now of success, told his friend on the very first Sunday night that the brick-kiln was now a mere matter of weeks. Always a boaster, he could not resist boasting a little too soon. Besides, he felt very sure; and the friend, too, had taken it for granted, when he heard of the impending young mistress, that the thing was as good as built.

That was in March. It was now the end of April, and every Sunday the friend inquired when the building was to be begun, and every Sunday Dellwig said it would begin when the days grew longer. The days had grown longer, would have grown in a few weeks to their longest, as the friend repeatedly pointed out, and still nothing had been done. To the many people who do not care what their neighbours think of them, the torments of the two Dellwigs because of the unbuilt brick-kiln will be incomprehensible. Yet these torments were so acute that in the weaker moments immediately pre-

ceding meals they both felt that it would almost be better to leave Kleinwalde than to stay and endure them; indeed, before dinner, or during wakeful nights, Frau Dellwig was convinced that it would be better to die outright. The good opinion of their neighbours—more exactly, the envy of their neighbours—was to them the very breath of their nostrils. In their set they must be the first, the undisputed luckiest, cleverest, and best off. Any position less mighty would be unbearable. And since Anna came there had been nothing but humiliations. First the dinner to the Manskes, from which they had been excluded—Frau Dellwig grew hot all over at the recollection of the Sunday gathering succeeding it; then the renovation of the *Schloss* without the least reference to them, without the smallest asking for advice or help; then the frequent communications with the pastor, putting him quite out of his proper position, the confidence placed in him, the ridiculous respect shown him, his connection with the mad charitable scheme; and now, most dreadful of all, this obstinacy in regard to the brick-kiln. It was becoming clear that they were fairly on the way to being pitied by the neighbours. Pitied! Horrid thought. The great thing in life was to be so situated that you can pity others. But to be pitied yourself? Oh, thrice-accursed folly of old Joachim, to leave Kleinwalde to a woman! Frau Dellwig

could not sleep that night for hating Anna. She lay awake staring into the darkness with hot eyes, and hating her with a heartiness that would have petrified that unconscious young woman as she sat about a stone's-throw off in her bedroom, motionless in the chair into which she had dropped on first coming upstairs, too tired even to undress, after her long struggle with Frau Dellwig's husband. "The *Engländerin* will ruin us!" cried Frau Dellwig suddenly, unable to hate in silence any longer.

"*Wie? Was?*" exclaimed Dellwig, who had dozed off, and was startled.

"She will—she will!" cried his wife.

"Will what? Ruin us? The *Engländerin*? *Ach was—Unsinn.* She can be managed. It is Lohm who is the danger. It is Lohm who will ruin us. If we could get rid of him——"

"*Ach Gott*, if he would die!" exclaimed Frau Dellwig, with fervent hands raised heavenwards. "*Ach Gott*, if he would only die!"

"*Ach Gott, ach Gott!*" mimicked her husband irritably, for he disliked being suddenly awakened. "People never die when anything depends on it," he grumbled, turning over on his side. And he cursed Axel several times, and went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE philosopher tells us that, after the healing interval of sleep, we are prepared to meet each other every morning as gods and goddesses; so fresh, so strong, so lusty, so serene, did he consider the newly-risen and the some-time separated must of necessity be. It is a pleasing belief; and Experience, that hopelessly prosaic governess who never gives us any holidays, very quickly disposes of it. For what is to become of the godlike mood if only one in a company possess it? The middle-aged and old, who abound in all companies, are seldom godlike, and are never so at breakfast.

The morning after the arrival of the Chosen, Anna woke up in the true Olympian temper. She had been brought back to the happy world of realities from the happy world of dreams by the sun of an unusually lovely April shining on her face. She had only to open her window to be convinced that all which she beheld was full of blessings. Just beneath her window on the grass was a double cherry-tree in flower, an exquisite thing to look

down on with the sunshine and the bees busy among its blossoms. The unreasoning joyfulness that invariably took possession of her heart whenever the weather was fine, filled it now with a rapture of hope and confidence. This world, this wonderful morning world that she saw and smelt from her window, was manifestly a place in which to be happy. Everything she saw was very good. Even the remembrance of Dellwig was transfigured in that clear light. And while she dressed she took herself seriously to task for the depression of the night before. Depressed she had certainly been; and why? Simply because she was over-excited and over-tired, and her spirit was still so mortifyingly unable to rise superior to the weakness of her tiresome flesh. And to let herself be made wretched by Dellwig, merely because he talked loud and had convictions which she did not share! The godlike morning mood was strong upon her, and she contemplated her listless self of the previous evening—the self that had sat so long despondently thinking instead of going to bed—with contempt. These evening interviews with Dellwig, she reflected, were a mistake. He came at hours when she was least able to bear his wordiness and shouting, and it was the knowledge of his impending visit that made her irritable beforehand, and ruffled the absolute serenity that she felt was alone appropriate in a house dedicated to love. But it was not

only Dellwig and the brick-kiln that had depressed her; she had actually had doubts about her three new friends, doubts as to the receptivity of their souls, as to the capacity of their souls for returning love. At one awful moment she had even doubted whether they had souls at all, but had hastily blown out the candle at this point, extinguishing the doubt at the same time, smothering it beneath the bedclothes, and falling asleep at once, after the fashion of healthy young people.

Now, at the beginning of the new day, with all her misgivings healed by sleep, she thought calmly over the interview she had had with Frau von Treumann before supper; for it was that interview that had been the chief cause of her dejection. Frau von Treumann had told her an untruth, a quite obvious and absurd untruth in the face of the correspondence, as to the reason of her coming to Kleinwalde. She had said she had only come at the instigation of her son, who looked upon Anna as a deserving object of help. And Anna had been hurt, had been made miserable, by the paltriness of this fib. Her great desire was to reach her friends' souls quickly, to attain the beautiful intimacy in which the smallest fiction is unnecessary; and so little did Frau von Treumann understand her, that she had begun a friendship that was to be for life with an untruth that would not have misled a child. But see the effect of sleep and

a gracious April morning. The very shabbiness and paltriness of the fib made Anna's heart yearn over the poor lady. Surely the pride that tried to hide its wounds with rags of such pitiful flimsiness was profoundly pathetic? With such pride, all false from Anna's point of view, but real and painful enough to its possessor, the necessity that drove her to accept Anna's offer must have been more cruel than necessity, always cruel, generally is. Her heart yearned over her friend as she dressed, and she felt that the weakness that must lie was a weakness greatly requiring love. For nobody, she argued, would ever lie unless driven to it by fear of some suffering. If, then, it made her happy, and made her life easier, let her think that Anna believed she had come for her sake. What did it matter? No one was perfect; and many people were surprisingly pathetic.

Meanwhile the day was glorious, and she went downstairs with the springy step of hope. She was thinking exhilarating thoughts, thinking that there were to be no ripples of misgivings and misunderstandings on the clear surface of this first morning. They would all look into each others' candid eyes at breakfast, and read a mutual consciousness of interests henceforward to be shared, of happiness to be shared, of life to be shared—the life of devoted and tender sisters.

The hall-door stood open, and the house was full

of the smell of April; the smell of new leaves budding, of old leaves rotting, of damp earth, pine-needles, wet moss, and marshes. "Oh, the lovely, lovely morning!" whispered Anna, running out onto the steps with outstretched arms and upturned face, as though she would have clasped all the beauty round and held it close. She drew in a long breath, and turned back into the house singing in an impassioned but half-suppressed voice the first verse of the Magnificat. The door leading to the kitchen opened, and to her surprise Baroness Elmreich emerged from those dark regions. The Magnificat broke off abruptly. Anna was surprised. Why the kitchen? The baroness saw her hostess's figure motionless against the light of the open door, but the light behind was strong and the hall was dark, and she thought it was Anna's back. Hoping that she had not been noticed she softly closed the door again and waited behind it till she could come out unseen.

Anna supposed that the princess must be showing her the servants' quarters, and went into the breakfast-room; but in it sat the princess, making coffee.

"There you are," said the princess heartily. "That is nice. Now we can drink our coffee comfortably together before the others come down. Have you been out? You smell of fresh air."

"Only a moment on the doorstep."

"Come, sit next to me. You have slept well, I

can see. Notice the advantage of coming straight into breakfast, and not running about the forest—you get here first, and so get the best cup of coffee.”

“But it isn’t proper for me to have the best,” said Anna, smiling as she took the cup, “when I have guests here.”

“Yes, it is—very proper indeed. Besides, you told me they were sisters.”

“So they are. Has the baroness not been here?”

“No, she is still in bed.”

“No, I saw her a moment ago. I thought you were with her.”

“Oh, my dear—so early in the morning!” protested the princess. “When did I see her last? Less than nine hours ago. She followed me into my bedroom and talked much. I could not begin again with her the first thing in the morning, even to please you.” And she looked at Anna very affectionately. “You were tired last night, were you not,” she continued. Axel Lohm stayed so late, I think he wanted to speak to you. But you went straight up to bed?”

“I had seen him before he went in to you. He didn’t want to speak to me. He was consumed by curiosity about our new friends.”

“Was he? He did not show much interest in them. He talked to me nearly all the time. He thought for a moment that he knew the baroness—

at least, he stared at her at first and seemed surprised. But it turned out that she was only like someone he knew. She had evidently never seen him before. It is a great pleasure to me to talk to that young man," the princess went on, while Anna ate her toast.

"So it is to me," said Anna.

"I have met many people in my life, and have often wondered at the dearth of nice ones—how few there are that one likes to be with and wishes to see again and again. Axel is one of the few, decidedly."

"So he is," agreed Anna.

"There is goodness written on every line of his face."

"Oh, he has the kindest face. And so strong. I feel that if anything happened here, anything dreadful, that he would make it right again at once. He would mend us if we got smashed, and build us up again if we got burned, and protect us, this houseful of lone women, if ever anybody tried to run away with us." And Anna nodded reassuringly at the princess, and took another piece of toast. "That is how I feel about him," she said. "So agreeably certain, not only of his willingness to help, but of his power to do it." Talking about Axel she quite forgot the apparition of the baroness that she had just seen. He was so kind, so good, so strong. How much she admired strength of purpose, independence,

the character that was determined to find its happiness in doing its best.

"If I had a daughter," said the princess, filling Anna's cup, "she should marry Axel Lohm."

"If *I* had a daughter," said Anna, "she should marry him, so your's couldn't. I wouldn't even ask her if she liked it. I'd be so sure that it was a good thing for her that I'd just say, 'My dear, I have chosen my son-in-law. Get your hat, and come to church and marry him.' And there'd be an end of *that*."

The princess felt that it was an unprofitable employment, trying to help on Axel's cause. She could not but see what he thought of Anna; and after the touching manner of widows, was convinced of the superiority of marriage, as a means of real happiness for a woman, over any and every other form of occupation. Yet whenever she talked of him she was met by the same hearty agreement and frank enthusiasm, the very words being taken out of her mouth, and her own praises of him doubled and trebled. It was a promising friendship, but it was a singularly unpromising prelude to love.

"Please make some fresh coffee," begged Anna; "the others will be coming down soon, and must not have cold stuff." Her voice grew tender at the mere mention of "the others." For the princess and Axel, both of whom she liked so much, it never took on

those tender tones, as the princess had already noted. There was nothing in either of them to appeal to that side of her nature, the tender, mother side, which is in all good women and most bad ones. They were her friends, staunch friends, she felt, and of course she liked and respected them; but they were sturdy, capable people, firmly planted on their own feet, able to battle successfully with life—as different as possible from these helpless ones who needed her, whom she had saved, to whom she was everything, between whom and want and sorrow she was fixed as a shield.

Two of the helpless ones came in at that moment, with frosty, early-morning faces. Anna put the vision she had seen at the kitchen door from her mind, and went to meet them with happy smiles and greetings. Frau von Treumann did her best to respond warmly, but it was very early to be enthusiastic, and at that hour of the day she was accustomed to being a little cross. Besides, she had had no coffee yet, and her hostess evidently had, and that made a great difference to one's sentiments. The baroness looked pinched and bloodless; she was as frigid as ever to Anna, said nothing about having seen her before, and seemed to want to be left alone. So that the mutual gazing into each other's eyes did not, after all, take place.

The princess waited to see that they had all they

wanted, and then went out rattling her keys; and after an interval, during which Anna chattered cheerful and ungrammatical German, and the window was shut, and warming food eaten, Frau von Treumann became amiable and began to talk.

She drew from her pocket a letter and a photograph. "This is my son," she said. "I brought it down to show you. And I have had a long letter from him already. He never neglects his mother. Truly a good son is a source of joy."

"I suppose so," said Anna.

The baroness turned her eyes slowly round and fixed them on the photograph. "Aha," she thought, "the son again. Last night the son, this morning the son—always the son. The excellent Treumann loses no time."

"He is good-looking, my Karlchen, is he not?"

"Yes," said Anna. "It is a becoming uniform."

"Oh—becoming! He looks adorable in it. Especially on his horse. I would not let him be anything but a hussar because of the charming uniform. And he suits it exactly—such a lightly built, graceful figure. *He* never stumbles over people's feet. Herr von Lohm nearly crushed my poor foot last night. It was difficult not to scream. I never did admire those long men made by the meter, who seem as though they would go on for ever if there were no ceilings."

"He *is* rather long," agreed Anna, smiling.

"Heartwhole," thought Frau von Treumann "Tell me, dear Miss Estcourt——" she said, laying her hand on Anna's.

"Oh, don't call me Miss Estcourt."

"But what, then?"

"Oh, you must call me Anna. We are to be like sisters here—and you, too, please, call me Anna," she said, turning to the baroness.

"You are very good," said the baroness.

"Well, my little sister," said Frau von Treumann, smiling, "my baby sister——"

"Baby sister!" thought the baroness. "Excellent Treumann."

"—you know an old woman of my age could not really have a sister of yours."

"Yes, she could—not a whole sister, perhaps, but a half one."

"Well, as you please. The idea is sweet to me. I was going to ask you—but Karlchen's letter is too touching, really—such thoughts in it—such high ideals——" And she turned over the sheets, of which there were three, and began to blow her nose.

"He has written you a very long letter," said Anna, pleasantly; the extent to which the nose-blowing was being carried made her uneasy. Was there to be crying?

"You have a cold, dear Frau von Treumann?" inquired the baroness with solicitude.

"*Ach nein—doch nein,*" murmured Frau von Treumann, turning the sheets over, and blowing her nose harder than ever.

"It will come off," thought Letty, who had slipped in unnoticed, and was eating bread and butter alone at the further end of the table.

"Poor thing," thought Anna, "she adores that Karlchen."

There was a pause, during which the nose continued to be blown.

"His letter is beautiful, but sad—very sad," said Frau von Treumann, shaking her head despondingly. "Poor boy—poor dear boy—he misses his mother, of course. I knew he would, but I did not dream it would be as bad as this. Oh, my dear Miss Estcourt—well, Anna then"—smiling faintly—"I could never describe to you the wrench it was, the terrible, terrible wrench, leaving him who for five years—I am a widow five years—has been my all.

"It must have been dreadful," murmured Anna sympathetically.

The baroness sat straight and motionless, staring fixedly at Frau von Treumann.

"'When shall I see you again, my dearest mamma?'" were his last words. And I could give

him no hope—no answer.” The handkerchief went up to her eyes.

“What *is* she gassing about?” wondered Letty.

“I can see him now, fading away on the platform as my train bore me off to an unknown life. An only son—the only son of a widow—is everything, everything to his mother.”

“He must be,” said Anna.

There was another silence. Then Frau von Treumann wiped her eyes and took up the letter again. “Now he writes that though I have only been away two days from Rislär, the town he is stationed at, it seems already like years. Poor boy! He is quite desperate—listen to this—poor boy——” And she smiled a little, and read aloud, “‘I must see you, *liebste, beste Mama*, from time to time. I had no idea the separation would be like this, or I could never have let you go. Pray beg Miss Estcourt——’”

“Aha,” thought the baroness.

“‘—to allow me to visit my mother occasionally. There must be an inn in the village. If not, I could stay at Stralsund, and would in no way intrude on her. But I must see my dearest mother, the being I have watched over and cared for ever since my father’s death.’ Poor, dear, foolish boy—he is desperate——” And she folded up the letter, shook her head, smiled, and suddenly buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Excellent Treumann," thought the unblinking baroness.

Anna sat in some perplexity. Sons had not entered into her calculations. In the correspondence, she remembered, the son had been lightly passed over as an officer living on his pay and without a superfluous penny for the support of his parent. Not a word had been said of any unusual affection existing between them. Now it appeared that the mother and son were all in all to each other. If so, of course the separation was dreadful. A mother's love was a sentiment that inspired Anna with profound respect. Before its unknown depths and heights she stood in awe and silence. How could she, a spinster, even faintly comprehend that sacred feeling? It was a mysterious and beautiful emotion that she could only reverence from afar. Clearly she must not come between parent and child; but yet—yet she wished she had had more time to think it over.

She looked rather helplessly at Frau von Treumann, and gave her hand a little squeeze. The hand did not return the squeeze, and the face remained buried in the handkerchief. Well, it would be absurd to want to cut off the son entirely from his mother. If he came occasionally to see her it could not matter much. She gave the hand a firmer squeeze, and said with an effort that she did her

best to conceal, "But he must come then, when he can. It is rather a long way—didn't you say you had to stay a night in Berlin?"

"Oh, my dear Miss Estcourt—my dear Anna!" cried Frau von Treumann, snatching the handkerchief from her face and seizing Anna's hand in both hers, "what a weight from my heart—what a heavy, heavy weight! All night I was thinking how shall I bear this? I may write to him, then, and tell him what you say? A long journey? You are afraid it will tire him? Oh, it will be nothing, nothing at all to Karlchen if only he can see his mother. How can I thank you! You will say my gratitude is excessive for such a little thing, and truly only a mother could understand it——"

In short, Karlchen's appearance at Kleinwalde was now only a matter of days.

"*Unverschämt*," was the baroness's mental comment.

CHAPTER IV.

ANNA put on her hat and went out to think it over. Fräulein Kuhräuber was apparently still asleep. Letty, accompanied by Miss Leech, had to go to Lohm parsonage for her first lesson with Herr Klutz, who had undertaken to teach her German. Frau von Treumann said she must write at once to Karlchen, and shut herself up to do it. The baroness was vague as to her intentions, and disappeared. So Anna started off by herself, crossed the road, and walked quickly away into the forest. "If it makes her so happy, then I am glad," she said to herself. "She is here to be happy; and if she wants Karlchen so badly, why then she must have him from time to time. I wonder why I don't like Karlchen."

She walked quickly, with her eyes on the ground. The mood in which she sang magnificats had left her, nor did she look to see what the April morning was doing. Frau von Treumann had not been under her roof twenty-four hours, and already her son had been added—if only occasionally, still undoubtedly added—to the party. Suppose the baroness and

Fräulein Kuhräuber should severally disclose an inability to live without being visited by some cherished relative? Suppose the other nine, the still Unchosen, should each turn out to have a relative waiting tragically in the background for permission to make repeated calls? And suppose these relatives should all be male?

These were grave questions—so grave that she was quite at a loss how to answer them. And then she felt that somebody was looking at her; and raising her eyes, she saw Axel on the mossy path quite close to her.

“So deep in thought?” he asked, smiling at her start.

Anna wondered how it was that he so often went through the forest. Was it a short cut from Lohm to anywhere? She had met him three or four times lately, in quite out of the way parts. He seemed to ride through it and walk through it at all hours of the day.

“How is your potato-planting getting on?” she asked involuntarily. She knew what a rush there was just then putting the potatoes in, for she did not drive every day about her fields in a cart without springs with Dellwig for nothing. Axel must have potatoes to plant too; why didn’t he stay at home, then, and do it?

“What a truly proper question for a country lady

to ask," he said, looking amused. "You waste no time in conventional good-mornings or asking how I do, but begin at once with potatoes. Well, I do not believe that you are really interested in mine, so I shall tell you nothing about them. You only want to remind me that I ought to be seeing them planted instead of walking about your woods."

Anna smiled. "I believe I did mean something like that," she said.

"Well, I am not so aimless as you suppose," he returned, walking by her side. "I have been looking at that place."

"What place?"

"Where Dellwig wants to build the brick-kiln."

"Oh? What do you think of it?"

"What I knew I would think of it. It is a fool's plan. The clay is the most wretched stuff. It has puzzled me, seeing how very poor it is, that he should be so eager to have the thing. I should have credited him with more sense."

"He is quite absurdly keen on it. Last night I thought he would never stop persuading."

"But you did not give in?"

"Not an inch. I said I would ask you to look at it, and then he was simply rude. I do believe he will have to go. I don't really think we shall ever get on together. Certainly, as you say the clay is bad, I shall refuse to build a brick-kiln."

Axel smiled at her energy. In the morning she was always determined about Dellwig. "You are very brave to-day," he said. "Last night you seemed afraid of him."

"He comes when I am tired. I am not going to see him in the evening any more. It is too dreadful as a finish to a happy day."

"It was a happy day, then, yesterday?" he asked quickly.

"Yes—that is, it ought to have been, and probably would have been if—if I hadn't been tired."

"But the others—the new arrivals—they must have been happy?"

"Yes—oh yes—" said Anna, hesitating, "I think so. Fräulein Kuhräuber was, I am sure, at intervals. I think the other two would have been if they hadn't had a journey."

"By the way, do you remember what I said yesterday about the Elmreichs?"

"Yes I do. You said horrid things." Her voice changed.

"About a Baron Elmreich. But he had a sister who made a hash of her life. I saw her once or twice in Berlin. She was dancing at the Wintergarten, and under her own name."

"Poor thing. But it doesn't interest me."

"Don't get angry yet."

"But it doesn't interest me. And why shouldn't

she dance? I knew several people who ended by dancing at London Wintergartens."

"You admit, then, that it is an end?"

"It is hardly a beginning," conceded Anna.

"She was so amazingly like your baroness would be if she painted and wore a wig——"

"That you are convinced they must be sisters. Thank-you. Now what do you suppose is the good of telling me that?" And she stood still and faced him, her eyes flashing.

Do what he would, Axel could not help smiling at her wrath. It was the wrath of a mother whose child has been hurt by someone on purpose. "I wish," he said, "that you would not be so angry when I tell you things that might be important for you to know. If your baroness is really the sister of the dancing baroness——"

"But she is not. She told me last night that she has no brothers and sisters. And she wrote it in the letters before she came. Do you think it is a praiseworthy occupation for a man, doing his best to find out disgraceful things about a very poor and very helpless woman?"

"No, I do not," said Axel decidedly. "Under any other circumstances I would leave the poor lady to take her chance. But do consider," he said, following her, for she had begun to walk on quickly again, "do consider your unusual position. You are

so young to be living away from your friends, and so young and inexperienced to be at the head of a home for homeless women—you ought to be quite extraordinarily particular about the antecedents of the people you take in. It would be most unpleasant if it got about that they were not respectable.”

“But they are respectable,” said Anna, looking straight before her.

“A sister who dances at the Wintergarten——”

“Did I not tell you that she has no sister?”

Axel shrugged his shoulders. “The resemblance is so striking that they might be twins,” he said.

“Then you think she says what is not true?”

“How can I tell?”

Anna stopped again and faced him. “Well, suppose it were true—suppose it *is* her sister, and she has tried to hide it—do you know how I should feel about it?”

“Properly scandalised, I hope.”

“I should love her all the more. Oh, I should love her twice as much! Why, think of the misery and the shame—poor, poor little woman—trying to hide it all, bearing it all by herself—she must have loved her sister, she must have loved her brother. It isn’t true, of course, but supposing it were, could you tell me *any* reason why I should turn my back on her?”

She stood looking at him, her eyes full of angry tears.

He did not answer. If that was the way she felt, what could he do?

"I never understood," she went on passionately, "why the innocent should be punished. Do you suppose a woman would *like* her brother to cheat and then shoot himself? Or *like* her sister to go and dance? But if they do do these things, besides her own grief and horror, she is to be shunned by everybody as though she were infectious. Is that fair? Is that right? Is it in the least Christian?"

"No, of course, it is not. It is very hard and very ugly, but it is quite natural. An old woman in a strong position might take such a person up, perhaps, and comfort her and love her as you propose to do, but a young girl ought not to do anything of the sort."

Anna turned away with a quick movement of impatience and walked on. "If you argue on the young girl basis," she said, "we shall never be able to talk about a single thing. When will you leave off about my young girlishness? In five years I shall be thirty—will you go on till I have reached that blessed age?"

"I have no right to go on to you about anything," said Axel.

"Precisely," said Anna.

"But please remember that I owe an enormous debt of gratitude to your uncle, and make allowances for me if I am over-zealous in my anxiety to shield his niece from possible unpleasantness."

"Then don't keep telling me I am too young to do good. It is ludicrous, considering my age, besides being dreadful. You will say that, I believe, till I am thirty or forty, and then when you can't decently say it any more, and I still want to do things, you'll say I'm old enough to know better."

Axel laughed. Anna's dimples appeared for an instant, but vanished again.

"Now," she said, "I am not going to talk about poor little Else any more. Let her distant relations dance till they are tired—it concerns nobody here at all."

"Little Else?"

"The baroness. Of course we shall call each other by our Christian names. We are sisters."

"I see."

"You don't see at all," she said, with a swift sideward glance at him.

"My dear Miss Estcourt——"

"If my plan succeeds it will certainly not be because I have been encouraged."

"I think," he said with sudden warmth, "that the plan is beautiful, and could only have been made by a beautiful nature."

"Oh?" ejaculated Anna, surprised. A flush of gratification came into her face. The heartiness of the tone surprised her even more than the words. She stood still to look at him. "It is a pity," she said softly, "that nearly always when we are together we get angry, for you can be so kind when you choose. Say nice things to me. Let us be happy. I love being happy."

She held out her hand, smiling. He took it and gave it a hearty, matter of fact shake, and dropped it. It was very awkward, but he was struggling with an overpowering desire to take her in his arms and kiss her, and not let her go again till she had said she would marry him. It was exceedingly awkward, for he knew quite well that if he did so it would be the end of all things.

He turned rather white, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "Yes, the plan is beautiful," he said cheerfully, "but very unpractical. And the nature that made it is, I am sure, beautiful, but of course quite as unpractical as the plan." And he smiled down at her—a broad, genial smile.

"I know I don't set about things the right way," she said. "If only you wouldn't worry about the pasts of my poor friends and what their relations may have done in prehistoric times, you could help me so much."

To his relief she began to walk on again. "Prin-

cess Ludwig is a sensible and experienced woman," he said, "and can help you in many ways that I cannot."

"But she only looks at the *praktische* side of a question, and that is really only one side. I am too unpractical, I know, but she isn't unpractical enough. But I don't want to talk about her. What I wanted to say was, that once these poor ladies have been chosen and are here, the time for making inquiries is over, isn't it. As far as I am concerned, anyhow, it is. I shall never forsake them—never, *never*. So please don't try to tell me things about them—it doesn't change my feelings towards them, and only makes me angry with you. Which is a pity. I want to live at peace with my neighbour."

"Well?" he said, as she paused. "That, I take it, is a prelude to something else."

"Yes, it is. It's a prelude to Karlchen."

"To Karlchen?"

She looked at him, and laughed rather nervously. "I am afraid," she said, "that Karlchen is coming to stay with me."

"And who, pray, is Karlchen?"

"The only son of his mother, and she is a widow."

He came to a standstill again. "What," he said, "Frau von Treumann has asked you to invite her son to Kleinwalde?"

"She didn't actually ask, but she got a sad letter from him, and seemed to feel the separation so much, and cried about it, and so—and so I did."

Axel was silent.

"I don't yearn to see Karlchen," said Anna in rather a small voice. She could not help feeling that the invitation had been wrung from her.

Axel bored a hole in the moss with his stick, and did not answer.

"But naturally his poor mother clings to him, and he to her."

Axel was intent on his hole, and did not answer.

"They are all the world to each other."

Axel filled up his hole again, and pressed the moss carefully over it with his foot. Then he said, "I never yet heard of two Treumanns being all the world to each other."

"You appear to have a down on the Treumanns."

"Not in the least. I do not think they interest me enough. It is an East Prussian Junker family that has spread beyond its natural limits, and one meets them everywhere, and knows their characteristics. What is this young man? I do not remember having heard of him."

"He is an officer at Rislar."

"At Rislar? Those are the red hussars. Do you wish me to make inquiries about him?"

"Oh no. It's no use. His mother can't be happy without him, so he must come."

"Then may I ask why, if I am not to help you in the matter, we are talking about him at all?"

"I wanted to ask you whether—whether you think he will come often."

"I should think," said Axel positively, "that he will come very often indeed."

"Oh," said Anna.

They walked on in silence.

"Have you considered," he said presently, "what you would do if your other—sisters want their relations asked down to stay with them? Christmas, for instance, is a time of general rejoicing, when the coldest hearts grow warm. Relations who have quarrelled all the year, seek each other out at Christmas and talk tearfully of ties of blood. And birthdays—will your twelve sisters be content to spend their twelve birthdays remote from all members of their family? Birthdays here are important days. There will be one a month now for you to celebrate at Kleinwalde."

"I have not got farther than considering Karlchen," said Anna with some impatience.

"A male Kuhräuber," said Axel musingly, swing-

ing his stick and gazing up at the fleecy clouds floating over the pine-tops,—“a male Kuhräuber would be quite unlike anything you have yet seen.”

“There are no male Kuhräubers,” said Anna. “At least,” she added, correcting herself, “Fräulein Kuhräuber said so. She said she had no relations at all, but perhaps—perhaps she has forgotten some, and will remember them by-and-by. Oh, I wish they would tell me exactly how they stand, and not try to hide anything. I thought we had left nothing unexplained in the letters, but now Karlchen—it seems——” She stopped and bit her lip. She was actually on the verge of criticising, to Axel, the behaviour of her sisters. “Look,” she said, catching sight of red roofs through the thinning trees, “isn’t that Lohm? I have seen you home without knowing it.”

She held out her hand. “It isn’t much good talking, is it?” she said, moved by a sudden impulse, and looking up at him with a slightly wistful smile. “How we talk and talk and never get any nearer anything or each other. Such an amount of explaining oneself, and all no use. I don’t mean you and me especially—it is always so, with everyone and everywhere. It is very weird. Good-bye.”

But he held her hand and would not let her go. “No,” he said, in a voice she did not know, “wait one moment. Why will you not let me really

help you? Do you think you will ever achieve anything by shutting your eyes to what is true? Is it not better to face it, and then to do one's best—after that, knowing the truth? Why are you angry whenever I try to tell you the truth, or what I believe to be the truth, about these ladies? You are certain to find it out for yourself one day. You force me to look on and see you being disappointed, and grieved, and perhaps cheated—anyhow your confidence abused—and you reduce our talks together to a sort of sparring-match unworthy, quite unworthy of either of us——” He broke off abruptly and released her hand. The passion in his voice was unmistakable, and she was listening with astonished eyes. “I am lecturing you,” he said in his usual even tones. “Forgive me for thinking that you are setting about your plan in a way that can never be successful. As you say, we talk and talk, and the more we talk the less do we understand each other. It is a foolish world, and a pre-eminently lonely one.”

He lifted his hat and turned away. Anna opened her lips to say something, but he was gone.

She went home and meditated on volcanoes.

CHAPTER V.

THE May that year in Northern Germany was the May of a poet's dream. The days were like a chain of pearls, increasing in beauty and preciousness as the chain lengthened. The lilacs flowered a fortnight earlier than in other years. The winds, so restless usually on those flat shores, seemed all asleep, and hardly stirred. About the middle of the month the moon was at the full, and the forest became enchanted ground. It was a time for love and lovers, for vows and kisses, for all pretty, happy, hopeful things. Only those farmers who were too old to love and vow, looked at their rye-fields and grumbled because there was no rain.

Karlchen, arriving on the first Saturday of that blessed month, felt all disposed to love, if the *Engländerin* should turn out to be in the least degree lovable. He did not ask much of a young woman with a fortune, but he inwardly prayed that she might not be quite so ugly as wives with money sometimes are. He was a man used to having what he wanted, and had spent his own and his mother's

money in getting it. There was a little bald patch on the top of his head, and there were many debts on his mind, and he was nearing the critical point in an officer's career the turning of which is reserved exclusively for the efficient; and so he had three excellent reasons for desiring to marry. He had desired it, indeed, for some time, had attempted it often, and had not achieved it. The fathers of wealthy German girls knew the state of his finances with an exactitude that was unworthy; and they knew, besides, every one of his little weaknesses. As a result, they gave their daughters to other suitors. But here was a girl without a father, who knew nothing about him at all. There was, of course, some story in the background to account for her living in this way; but that was precisely what would make her glad of a husband who would relieve her of the necessity of building up the weaker parts of her reputation on a foundation of what Karlchen, when he saw the inmates of the house, rudely stigmatised as *alte Schachteln*. Reputations, he reflected, staring at Fräulein Kuhräuber, may be too dearly bought. Naturally she would prefer an easy-going husband, who would let her see life with all its fun, to this dreary and aimless existence.

The Treumanns, he thought, were in luck. What a burden his mother had been on him for the last five years! Miss Estcourt had relieved him of it.

Now there were his debts, and she would relieve him of those; and the little entanglement she must have had at home would not matter in Germany, where no one knew anything about her, except that she was the highly respectable Joachim's niece. Anyway, he was perfectly willing to let bygones be bygones. He left his bag at the inn at Kleinwalde, an impossible place as he noted with pleasure, sent away his *Droschke*, and walked round to the house; but he did not see Anna. She kept out of the way till the evening, and he had ample time to be happy with his mother. When he did see her, he fell in love with her at once. He had quite a simple nature, composed wholly of instincts, and fell in love with an ease acquired by long practice. Anna's face and figure were far prettier than he had dared to hope. She was a beauty, he told himself with much satisfaction. Truly the Treumanns were in luck. He entirely forgot the rôle he was to play of loving son, and devoted himself, with his habitual artlessness, to her. Indeed, if he had not forgotten it, he and his mother were so little accustomed to displays of affection that they would have been but clumsy actors. There is a great difference between affectionate letters written quietly in one's room, and affectionate conversation that has to sound as though it welled up from one's heart. Nothing of the kind ever welled up from Karlchen's heart; and Anna noticed at once

that there were no signs of unusual attachment between mother and son. Karlchen was not even commonly polite to his mother, nor did she seem to expect him to be. When she dropped her scissors, she had to pick them up for herself. When she lost her thimble, she hunted for it alone. When she wanted a footstool, she got up and fetched one from under his very nose. When she came into the room and looked about for a chair, it was Letty who offered her hers. Karlchen sat comfortably with his legs crossed, playing with the paper-knife he had taken out of the book Anna had been reading, and making himself pleasant. He had his mother's large black eyes, and very long, thick black eyelashes of which he was proud, conscious that they rested becomingly on his cheeks when he looked down at the paper-knife. Letty was greatly struck by them, and inquired of Miss Leech in a whisper whether she had ever seen their like.

"Mr. Jessup had silken eyelashes too," replied Miss Leech dreamily.

"These aren't silk—they're cotton eyelashes," said Letty scornfully.

"My dear Letty," murmured Miss Leech.

Anna was at a disadvantage because of her imperfect German. She could not repress Karlchen when he was unduly kind as she would have done in English, and with his mother presiding, as it were,

at their opening friendship, she did not like to begin by looking lofty. Luckily the princess was unusually chatty that evening. She sat next to Karlchen, and continually joined in the talk. She was cheerful amiability itself, and insisted upon being told all about those sons of her acquaintances who were in his regiment. When he half turned his back on her and dropped his voice to a rapid undertone, thereby making himself completely incomprehensible to Anna, the princess pleasantly advised him to speak very slowly and distinctly, for unless he did Miss Estcourt would certainly not understand. In a word, she took him under her wing whether he would or no, and persisted in her friendliness in spite of his mother's increasingly desperate efforts to draw her into conversation.

"Why do we not go out, dear Anna?" cried Frau von Treumann at last, unable to endure Princess Ludwig's behaviour any longer. "Look what a fine evening it is—and quite warm." And she who till then had gone about shutting windows, and had been unable to bear the least breath of air, herself opened the glass doors leading into the garden and went out.

But although they all followed her, nothing was gained by it. She could have stamped her foot with rage at the princess's conduct. Here was everything needful for the beginning of a successful courtship

—starlight, a murmuring sea, warm air, fragrant bushes, a girl who looked like Love itself in the dusk in her pale beauty, a young man desiring nothing better than to be allowed to love her, and a mother only waiting to bless. But here too, unfortunately, was the princess.

She was quite appallingly sociable—"The spite of the woman!" thought Frau von Treumann, for what could it matter to her?—and remained fixed at Anna's side as they paced slowly up and down the grass, monopolising Karlchen's attention with her absurd questions about his brother officers. Anna walked between them, thinking of other things, holding up her trailing white dress with one hand, and with the other the edges of her blue cloak together at her neck. She was half a head taller than Karlchen, and so was his mother who walked on his other side. Karlchen, becoming more and more enamoured the longer he walked, looked up at her through his eyelashes and told himself that the Treumanns were certainly in luck, for he had stumbled on a goddess.

"The grass is damp," cried Frau von Treumann, interrupting the endless questions. "My dear princess—your rheumatism—and I who so easily get colds. Come, we will go off the grass—we are not young enough to risk wet feet."

"I do not feel it," said the princess, "I have thick

shoes. But you, dear Frau von Treumann, do not stay if you have fears."

"It *is* damp," said Anna, turning up the sole of her shoe. "Shall we go onto the path?"

On the path it was obvious that they must walk in couples. Arrived at its edge, the princess stopped and looked round with an urbane smile. "My dear child," she said to Anna, taking her arm, "we have been keeping Herr von Treumann from his mother regardless of his feelings. I beg you to pardon my thoughtlessness," she added, turning to him, "but my interest in hearing of my old friends' sons has made me quite forget that you took this long journey to be with your dear mother. We will not interrupt you further. Come, my dear, I wanted to ask you——" And she led Anna away, dropping her voice to a confidential questioning concerning the engaging of a new cook.

There was nothing to be done. The only crumb of comfort Karlchen obtained—but it was a big one—was a reluctantly given invitation, on his mother's vividly describing at the hour of parting the place where he was to spend the night, to remove his luggage from the inn to Anna's house, and to sleep there.

"You are too good, *meine Gnädigste*," he said, consoled by this for the *tête-à-tête* he had just had

with his mother; "but if it in any way inconveniences you—we soldiers are used to roughing it——"

"But not like that, not like that, *lieber Junge*," interrupted his mother anxiously. "It is not fit for a dog, that inn, and I heard this very evening from the housemaid that one of the children there has the measles."

That quite settled it. Anna could not expose Karlchen to measles. Why did he not stay, as he had written he would, at Stralsund? As he was here, however, she could not let him fall a prey to measles, and she asked the princess to order a room to be got ready.

It is a proof of her solemnity on that first evening with Karlchen that when his mother, praising her beauty, mentioned her dimples as specially bewitching, he should have said, surprised, "What dimples?"

It is a proof, too, of the duplicity of mothers, that the very next day in church the princess, sitting opposite the innkeeper's rosy family, and counting its members between the verses of the hymn, should have found that not one was missing.

Karlchen left on Sunday evening after a not very successful visit. He had been to church, believing that it was expected of him, and had found to his disgust that Anna had gone for a walk. So there he sat, between his mother and Princess Ludwig, and

extracted what consolation he could from a studied neglect of the outer forms of worship and an elaborate slumber during the sermon.

The morning, then, was wasted. At luncheon Anna was unapproachable. Karlchen was invited to sit next to his mother, and Anna was protected by Letty on the one hand and Fräulein Kuhräuber on the other, and she talked the whole time to Fräulein Kuhräuber.

"Who *is* Fräulein Kuhräuber?" he inquired irritably of his mother, when they found themselves alone together again in the afternoon.

"Well, you can see who she is, I should think," replied his mother equally irritably. "She is just Fräulein Kuhräuber, and nothing more."

"Anna talks to her more than to anyone," he said; she was already Anna to him, *tout court*.

"Yes. It is disgusting."

"It is very disgusting. It is not right that Treumanns should be forced to associate on equal terms with such a person."

"It is scandalous. But you will change all that."

Karlchen twisted up the ends of his moustache and looked down his nose. He often looked down his nose because of his eyelashes. He began to hum a tune, and felt happy again. Axel Lohm was right when he doubted whether there had ever been a permanently crushed Treumann.

"She has a strange assortment of *alte Schachteln* here," he said, after a pause during which his thoughts were rosy. "That Elmreich, now. What relation does she say she is to Arthur Elmreich?"

"The man who shot himself? Oh, she is no relation at all. At most a distant cousin."

"*Na, na,*" was Karlchen's reply; a reply whose English equivalent would be a profoundly sceptical wink.

His mother looked at him, waiting for more. "What, do you really think——?" she began, and then stopped.

He stood before the glass readjusting his moustache into the regulation truculent upward twist. "Think?" he said. "You know Arthur's sister Lolli was engaged at the Wintergarten this winter. She was not much of a success. Too old. But she was down on the bills as Baroness Elmreich, and people went to see her because of that, and beause of her brother."

"Oh—terrible," murmured Frau von Treumann.

"Well, I know her; and I shall ask her next time I see her if she has a sister."

"But this one has no relations living at all," said his mother, horrified at the bare suggestion that Lolli was the sister of a person with whom she ate her dinner every day.

"*Na, na,*" said Karlchen.

"But, my dear Karlchen, it is so unlikely—the baroness is the veriest pattern of primness. She has such very strict views about all such things—quite absurdly strict. She even had doubts, she told me, when first she came here, as to whether Anna were a fit companion for her."

Karlchen stopped twisting his moustache, and stared at his mother. Then he threw back his head and shrieked with laughter. He laughed so much that for some moments he could not speak. His mother's face, as she watched him without a smile, made him laugh still more. "*Liebste Mama,*" he said at last, wiping his eyes, "it may of course not be true. It is just possible that it is not. But I feel sure it *is* true, for this Elmreich and the little Lolli are as alike as two peas. Anna not a fit companion for Lolli's sister! *Ach Gott, ach Gott!*" And he shrieked again.

"If it is true," said Frau von Treumann, drawing herself up to her full height, "it is my duty to tell Anna. I cannot stay under the same roof with such a woman. She must go."

"Take care," said her son, illumined by an unaccustomed ray of sapience, "take care, *Mutti*. It is not certain that Anna would send her away."

"What! if she knew about this—this Lolli, as you call her?"

Karlchen shook his head. "It is better not to

begin with ultimatums," he said sagely. "If you say you cannot stay under the same roof with the Elmreich, and she does not after that go, why then you must. And that," he added, looking alarmed, "would be disastrous. No, no; leave it alone. In any case leave it alone till I have seen Lolli. I shall come down soon again, you may be sure. I wish we could get rid of the Penheim. Now that really would be a good thing. Think it over."

But Frau von Treumann felt that by no amount of thinking it over would they ever get rid of the Penheim.

"You do not like my Karlchen?" she said plaintively to Anna that evening, coming out into the dusky garden where she stood looking at the stars. Karlchen was well on his way to Berlin by that time.

"I am sure I should like him very much if I knew him," replied Anna, putting all the heartiness she could muster into her voice.

Frau von Treumann shook her head sadly. "But now? I see you do not like him now. You hardly spoke to him. He was hurt. A mother,"—"Oh," thought Anna, "I am tired of mothers,"—"a mother always knows."

Her handkerchief came out. She had put one hand through Anna's arm, and with the other began to wipe her eyes. Anna watched her in silence.

"What? What? Tears? Do I see tears? Are we then missing our son so much?" exclaimed a cheery voice behind them. And there was the princess again.

"Serpent," thought Frau von Treumann; but what is the use of thinking serpent? She had to submit to being consoled all the same, while Anna walked away.

CHAPTER VI.

ANNA seemed always to be walking away during the days that separated Karlchen's first visit from his second. Frau von Treumann noticed it with some uneasiness, and hoped that it was only her fancy. The girl had shown herself possessed of such an abnormally large and warm heart at first, had been so eager in her offers of affection, so enthusiastic, so sympathetic, so—well, absurd; Was it possible that there was no warmth and no affection left over from those vast stores for such a good-looking, agreeable man as Karlchen? But she set such thoughts aside as ridiculous. Her son's simple doctrine from his fourteenth year on had been that all girls like all men. It had often been laid down by him in their talks together, and her own experience of girls had sufficiently proved its soundness. "The Penheim must have poisoned her mind against him," she decided at last, unable otherwise to explain the apathy with which Anna received any news of Karlchen. Was there ever such sheer spite? For what could it matter to a woman with no son of her own who mar-

ried Anna? Somebody would marry her, for certain, and the Penheim would lose her place: then why should it not be Karlchen?

The princess, however, most innocent of excellent women, had never spoken privately to Anna of Karlchen except once, when she inquired whether he were to have the best sheets on his bed, or the second best sheets; and Anna had replied, "The worst."

But if Frau von Treumann was uneasy about Anna, Anna was still more uneasy about Frau von Treumann. Whenever she could, she went away into the forest and tried to think things out. She objected very much to the feeling that life seemed somehow to be thickening round her—yet, after Karlchen's visit there it was. Each day there were fewer and fewer quiet pauses in the trivial bustle of existence; clear moments, like windows through which she caught glimpses of the serene tranquillity with which the real day, nature's day, the day she ought to have had, was passing. Frau von Treumann followed her about and talked to her of Karlchen. Fräulein Kuhräuber followed her about, with a humble, dog-like affection, and seemed to want to tell her something, and never got further than dark utterances that perplexed her. Baroness Elmreich repulsed all her advances, carefully called her Miss Estcourt, and made acid comments on everything that was said and done. "I believe she dislikes

me," thought Anna, puzzled. "I wonder why?" The baroness did; and the reason was simplicity itself. She disliked her because she was younger, prettier, richer, healthier than herself. For this she disliked her heartily; but with far greater heartiness did she dislike her because she knew she ought to be grateful to her. The baroness detested having to feel grateful—it is a detestation not confined to baronesses—and in this case the burden of the obligations she was under was so great that it was almost past endurance. And there was no escape. She had been starving when Anna took her in, and she would starve again if Anna turned her out. She owed her everything; and what more natural, then, than to dislike her? The rarest of loves is the love of a debtor for his creditor.

At night, alone in her room, Anna would wonder at the day lived through, at the unsatisfactoriness of it, and the emptiness. When were they going to begin the better life, the soul to soul life she was waiting for? How busy they had all been, and what had they done? Why, nothing. A little aimless talking, a little aimless sewing, a little aimless walking about, a few letters to write that need not have been written, a newspaper to glance into that did not really interest anybody, meals in rapid succession, night, and oblivion. That was what was on the surface. What was beneath the surface she

could only guess at; for after a whole fortnight with the Chosen she was still confronted solely by surfaces. In the hot forest, drowsy and aromatic, where the white butterflies, like points of light among the shadows of the pine-trunks, fluttered up and down the unending avenues all day long, she wandered, during the afternoon hour when the Chosen napped, to the most out-of-the-way nooks she could find; and sitting on the moss where she could see some special bit of loveliness, some distant radiant meadow in the sunlight beyond the trees, some bush with its delicate green shower of budding leaves at the foot of a giant pine, some exquisite effect of blue and white between the branches so far above her head, she would ponder and ponder till she was weary.

There was no mistaking Karlchen's looks; she had not been a pretty girl for several seasons at home in vain. Karlchen meant to marry her. She, of course, did not mean to marry Karlchen, but that did not smooth any of the ruggedness out of the path she saw opening before her. She would have to endure the preliminary blandishments of the wooing, and when the wooing itself had reached the state of ripeness which would enable her to let him know plainly her own intentions, there would be a grievous number of scenes to be gone through with his mother. And then his mother would shake the Kleinwalde dust from her offended feet and go, and

failure number one would be upon her. In the innermost recesses of her heart, offensive as Karlchen's wooing would certainly be, she thought that once it was over it would not have been a bad thing; for, since his visit, it was clear that Frau von Treumann was not the sort of inmate she had dreamed of for her home for the unhappy. Unhappy she had undoubtedly been, poor thing, but happy with Anna she would never be. She had forgiven the first fibs the poor lady had told her, but she could not go on forgiving fibs for ever. All those elaborate untruths, written and spoken, about Karlchen's visit, how dreadful they were. Surely, thought Anna, truthfulness was not only a lovely and a pleasant thing, but it was absolutely indispensable as the basis to a real friendship. How could any soul approach another soul through a network of lies? And then more painful still—she confessed with shame that it was more painful to her even than the lies—Frau von Treumann evidently took her for a fool. Not merely for a person wanting in intelligence, or slow-witted, but for a downright fool. She must think so, or she would have taken more pains, at least some pains, to make her schemes a little less transparent. Anna hated herself for feeling mortified by this; but mortified she certainly was. Even a philosopher does not like to be honestly mistaken during an entire fortnight for a fool. Though he may smile, he will

almost surely wince. Not being a philosopher, Anna winced and did not smile.

"I think," she said to Manske, when he came in one morning with a list of selected applications,—“I think we will wait a little before choosing the other nine.”

“The gracious one is not weary of well-doing?” he asked quickly.

“Oh no, not at all; I like well-doing,” Anna said rather lamely, “but it is not quite—not quite as simple as it looks.”

“I have found nine most deserving cases,” he urged, “and later there may not be——”

“No, no,” interrupted Anna; “we will wait. In the autumn, perhaps—not now. First I must make the ones who are here happy. You know,” she said, smiling, “they came here to be made happy.”

“Yes, truly I know it. And happy indeed must they be in this home, surrounded by all that makes life fair and desirable.”

“One would think so,” said Anna, musing. “It is pretty here, isn’t it—it should be easy to be happy here,—yet I am not sure that they are.”

“Not sure——?” Manske looked at her, startled.

“What do people—most people, ordinary people, need, to make them happy?” she asked wistfully. She was speaking to herself more than to him, and did not expect any very illuminating answer.

"The fear of the Lord," he replied promptly; which put an end to the conversation.

But besides her perplexities about the Chosen, Anna had other worries. Dellwig had received the refusal to let him build the brick-kiln with such insolence, and had, in his anger, said such extraordinary things about Axel Lohm, that Anna had blazed out too, and had told him he must go. It had been an unpleasant scene, and she had come out from it white and trembling. She had intended to ask Axel to do the dismissing for her if she should ever definitely decide to send him away; but she had been overwhelmed by a sudden passion of wrath at the man's intolerable insinuations—only half understood, but sounding for that reason worse than they were—and had done it herself. Since then she had not seen him. By the agreement her uncle had made with him, he was entitled to six months' notice, and would not leave until the winter, and she knew she could not continue to refuse to see him; but how she dreaded the next interview! And how uneasy she felt at the thought that the management of her estate was entirely in the hands of a man who must now be her enemy. Axel was equally anxious when he heard what she had done. It had to be done, of course; but he did not like Dellwig's looks when he met him. He asked Anna to allow him to ride round her place as often as he could, and she was

grateful to him, for she knew that not only her own existence, but the existence of her poor friends depended on the right cultivation of Kleinwalde. And she was so helpless. What creature on earth could be more helpless than an English girl in her position? She left off reading Maeterlinck, borrowed books on farming from Axel, and eagerly studied them, learning by heart before breakfast long pages concerning the peculiarities of her two chief products, potatoes and pigs.

"He cannot do much harm," Axel assured her; "the potatoes, I see, are all in, and what can he do to the pigs? His own vanity would prevent his leaving the place in a bad state. I have heard of a good man—shall I have him down and interview him for you?"

"How kind you are," said Anna gratefully; indeed he seemed to her to be a tower of strength.

"Anyone would do what they could to help a forlorn young lady in the straits you are in," he said, smiling at her.

"I don't feel like a forlorn young lady with you next door to help me out of the difficulties."

"People in these lonely country places learn to be neighbourly," he replied in his most measured tones.

He had not again spoken of the Chosen since his walk with her through the forest; and though he

knew that Karlchen had been and gone he did not mention his name. Nor did Anna. The longer she lived with her sisters the less did she care to talk about them, especially to Axel. As for Frau von Treumann's plans, how could she ever tell him of those?

And just then Letty, the only being who was really satisfactory, became a cause to her of fresh perplexity. Letty had been strangely content with her German lessons from Herr Klutz. Every day she and Miss Leech set out without a murmur, and came back looking placid. They brought back little offerings from the parsonage, a bunch of narcissus, the first lilac, cakes baked by Frau Manske, always something. Anna took the flowers, and ate the cakes, and sent pleased messages in return. If she had been less preoccupied by Dellwig and the eccentricities of her three new friends, she would certainly have been struck by Letty's silence about her lessons, and would have questioned her. There was no grumbling after the first day, and no abuse of Schiller and the muses. Once Anna met Klutz walking through Kleinwalde, and asked him how the studies were progressing. "Colossal," was the reply—"the progress made is colossal." And he crushed her rings into her fingers when she gave him her hand to shake, and blushed, and looked at her with eyes that he felt must burn into her soul. But Anna

noticed neither his eyes nor his blush; for his eyes, whatever he might feel them to be doing, were not the kind that burn into souls, and he was a pale young man who, when he blushed, did it only in his ears. They certainly turned crimson as he crushed Anna's fingers, but she was not thinking of his ears.

"Frau Manske is too kind," she said, as the nosebags, at first intermittent, became things of daily occurrence. They grew bigger, too, every day, attaining such a girth at last that Letty could hardly carry them. "She must not plunder her garden like this."

"It is very full of flowers," said Miss Leech. "Really a wonderful display. The bunch is always ready, tied together and lying on the table when we arrive. I tried to tell her yesterday that you were afraid she was spoiling her garden, sending so much, but she did not seem to understand. She is showing me how to make those cakes you said you liked."

"I wish I had some of these in my garden," said Anna, laying her cheek against the posy of wall-flowers Letty had just given her. There was nothing in her garden except grass and trees; Uncle Joachim had not been a man of flowers.

She took them up to her room, kissing them on the way, and put them in a jar on the window-sill; and it was not until two or three days later, when

they began to fade, that she saw the corner of an envelope peeping out from among them. She pulled it out and opened it. It was addressed to *Ihrer Hochwohlgeboren Fräulein Anna Estcourt*; and inside was a sheet of note-paper with a large red heart painted on it, mangled, and pierced by an arrow; and below it the following poem in a cramped, hardly readable writing:—

The earth am I, and thou the heaven,
The mass am I, and thou the leaven,
No other heaven do I want but thee,
Oh Anna, Anna, Anna, pity me!
AUGUST KLUTZ, Kandidat.

In an instant Letty's unnatural cheerfulness about her lessons flashed across her. *What* had they been doing, and where was Miss Leech, that such things could happen?

It was a very terrible, stern-browed aunt who met Letty that day on the stairs when she came home.

"Hullo, Aunt Anna, seen a ghost?" Letty inquired pleasantly; but her heart sank into her boots all the same as she followed her into her room.

"Look," said Anna, showing her the paper, "how could you do it? For of course you did it. Herr Klutz doesn't speak English."

"Doesn't he though—he gets on like anything. He sits up all night——"

"How is it that *this* was possible?" interrupted Anna, striking the paper with her hand.

"It's pretty, isn't it," said Letty, faintly grinning. "The last line had to be changed a little. It isn't original, you know, except the Annas. I put in those. That footman mother got cheap because he had one finger too few sent it to Hilton on her birthday last year—she liked it awfully. The last line was 'Oh Hilton, Hilton, Hilton——'"

"*How* came you to talk such hideous nonsense with Herr Klutz, and about me?"

"I didn't. He began. He talked about you the whole time, and started doing it the very first day Leechy cooked."

"Cooked?"

"She is always in the kitchen with Frau Manske. We brought you some of the cakes one day, and you seemed as pleased as anything."

"And instead of learning German you and he have been making up this sort of thing?"

Anna's voice and eyes frightened Letty. She shifted from one foot to the other and looked down sullenly. "What's the good of being angry," she said, addressing the carpet, "it's only Mr. Jessup over again. Leechy wasn't angry with Mr. Jessup. She was frightfully pleased. She says it's the

greatest compliment a person can pay anybody, going on about them like Herr Klutz does, and talking rot."

Anna stared at her, bewildered. "Mr. Jessup?" she repeated. "And do you mean to tell me that Miss Leech knows of this—this disgusting nonsense?" She held the mangled heart at arm's length, crushing it in her hand.

"I say, you'll spoil it. He worked at it for days. There weren't any paints red enough for the wound, and he had to go to Stralsund on purpose. He thought no end of it." And Letty, scared though she was, could not resist giggling a little.

"Do you mean to tell me that Miss Leech knows about this?" insisted Anna.

"Rather not. It's a secret. He made me promise faithfully never to tell a soul. Of course it doesn't matter talking to you, because you're one of the persons concerned. You can't be married, you know, without knowing about it, so I'm not breaking my promise talking to you——"

"Married? What unutterable rubbish have you got into your head?"

"That's what I said—or something like it. I said it was jolly rot. He said 'What's rot?' I said 'That.'"

"But what?" asked Anna angrily. She longed to shake her.

"Why, that about marrying you. I told him it was rot, and I was sure you wouldn't; but as he didn't know what rot was, it wasn't much good. He hunted it out in the dictionary, and still he didn't know."

Anna stood looking at her with indignant eyes. "You don't know what you have done," she said, "evidently you don't. It is a dreadful thing that the moment Miss Leech leaves you you should begin to talk of such things—such horrid things—with a stranger. A little girl of your age——"

"I didn't begin," whimpered Letty, overcome by the wrath in Anna's voice.

"But all this time you have been going on with it, instead of at once telling Miss Leech or me."

"I never met a—a lover before—I thought it—great fun."

"Then all those flowers were from him?"

"Ye—es." Letty was in tears.

"He thought I knew they were from him?"

No answer.

"Did he?" insisted Anna.

"Ye—es."

"You are a very wicked little girl," said Anna, with awful sternness. "You have been acting untruths every day for ages, which is just as bad as telling them. I don't believe you have an idea of the horridness of what you have done—I hope you

have not. Of course your lessons at Lohm have come to an end. You will not go there again. Probably I shall send you home to your mother. I am nearly sure that I shall. Go away." And she pointed to the door.

That night neither Letty nor Miss Leech appeared at supper; both were shut up in their rooms in tears. Miss Leech was quite unable to forgive herself. It was all her fault, she felt. She had been appalled when Anna showed her the heart and told her what had been going on while she was learning to cook in Frau Manske's kitchen. "Such a quiet, respectable-looking young man!" she exclaimed, horror-stricken. "And about to take holy orders!"

"Well, you see he isn't quiet and respectable at all," said Anna. "He is unusually enterprising, and quite without morals. Only a demoralised person would take advantage of a poor little pupil in that way."

She lit a candle, and burnt the heart. "There," she said, when it was in ashes, "that's the end of that. Heaven knows what Letty has been led into saying, or what ideas he has put into her head. I can't bear to think of it. I hadn't the courage to cross-question her much—I was afraid I should hear something that would make me too angry, and I'd have to tell the parson. Anyhow, dear Miss Leech, we will not leave her alone again, ever, will we? I

don't suppose a thing like this will happen twice, but we won't let it have a chance, will we? Now don't be too unhappy. Tell me about Mr. Jessup."

It was Miss Leech's fault, Anna knew; but she so evidently knew it herself, and was so deeply distressed, that rebukes were out of the question. She spent the evening and most of the night in useless laments, while, in the room adjoining, Letty lay face downwards on her bed, bathed in tears. For Letty's conscience was in a grievous state of tumult. She had meant well, and she had done badly. She had not thought her aunt would be angry—was she not in full possession of the facts concerning Mr. Jessup's courtship? And had not Miss Leech said that no higher honour could be paid to a woman than to fall in love with her and make her an offer of marriage? Herr Klutz, it is true, was not the sort of person her aunt could marry, for her aunt was stricken in years, and he looked about the same age as her brother Peter; besides, he was clearly, thought Letty, of the guttersnipe class, a class that bit its nails and never married people's aunts. But after all, her aunt could always say No when the supreme moment arrived, and nobody ought to be offended because they have been fallen in love with, and he was frightfully in love, and talked the most awful rot. Nor had she encouraged him. On the contrary, she had discouraged him; but it was precisely

this discouragement, so virtuously administered, that lay so heavily on her conscience as she lay so heavily on her bed. She had been proud of it till this interview with her aunt; since then it had taken on a different complexion, and she was sure, dreadfully sure, that if her aunt knew of it she would be very angry indeed—much, much angrier than she was before. Letty rolled on her bed in torments; for the discouragement administered to Klutz had been in the form of poetry, and poetry written on her aunt's note-paper, and purporting to come from her. She had meant so well, and what had she done? When no answer came by return to his poem hidden in the wallflowers, he had refused to believe that the bouquet had reached its destination. "There has been treachery," he cried; "you have played me false." And he seemed to fold up with affliction.

"I gave it to her all right. She hasn't found the letter yet," said Letty, trying to comfort, and astonished by the loudness of his grief. "It's all right—you wait a bit. She liked the flowers awfully, and kissed them."

"Poor young lover," she thought romantically, "his heart must not bleed too much. Aunt Anna, if she ever does find the letter, will only send him a rude answer. I will answer it for her, and gently discourage him." For if the words that proceeded

from Letty's mouth were inelegant, her thoughts, whenever they dwelt on either Mr. Jessup or Herr Klutz, were invariably clothed in the tender language of sentiment.

And she had sat up till very late, composing a poem whose mission was both to discourage and console. It cost her infinite pains, but when it was finished she felt that it had been worth them all. She copied it out in capital letters on Anna's note-paper, folded it up carefully, and tied it with one of her own hair-ribbons to a little bunch of lilies-of-the-valley she had gathered for the purpose in the forest.

This was the poem:—

It is a matter of regret
That circumstances won't
Allow me to call thee my pet,
But as it is they don't.

For why? My many years forbid,
And likewise thy position.
So take advice, and strive amid
Thy tears for meek submission.

ANNA.

And this poem was, at that very moment, as she well knew, in Herr Klutz's waistcoat pocket.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ordinary young man, German or otherwise, hungrily emerging from boyhood into a toothsome world made to be eaten, cures himself of his appetite by indulging it till he is ill, and then on a firm foundation of his own foolish corpse, or, as the poet puts it, of his dead self, begins to build up the better things of his later years.

Klutz was an ordinary young man, and arrived at early manhood as hungry as his fellows; but his father was a parson, his grandfather had been a parson, his uncles were all parsons, and Fate, coming cruelly to him in the gloomy robes of the Lutheran Church, his natural follies had had no opportunity of getting out, developing, and dissolving, but remained shut up in his heart, where they amused themselves by seething uninterruptedly, to his great discomfort, while the good parson, in whose care he was, talked to him of the world to come.

"The world to come," thought Klutz, hungering and thirsting for a taste of the world in which he was, "may or may not be very well in its way;

but its way is not my way." And he listened to Manske's expatiations in a silence that might be taken either for awed or bored. Manske, of course, interpreted it as awed. "Our young vicar," he said to his wife, "thinks much. He is serious and contemplative beyond his years. He is not a man of many and vain words." To which his wife replied only by a sniff of scepticism.

She had no direct proofs that Klutz was not serious and contemplative, but during his first winter in their house he had fallen into her bad graces because of a certain indelicately appreciative attitude he displayed towards her apple-jelly. Not that she grudged him apple-jelly in just quantities; both she and her husband were fond of it, and the eating of it was luckily one of those pleasures whose indulgence is innocent. But there are limits beyond which even jelly becomes vicious, and these limits Herr Klutz continually overstepped. Every autumn she made a sufficient number of pots of it to last discreet appetites a whole year. There had always been vicars in their house, and there had never been a dearth of jelly. But this year, so early as Easter, there were only two pots left. She could not conveniently lock it up and refuse to produce any, for then she and her husband would not have it themselves; so all through the winter she had watched the pots being emptied one after the other, and the thinner

the rows in her store-room grew, the more pronounced became her conviction that Klutz's piety was but skin deep. A young man who could behave in so unbridled a fashion could not be really serious; there was something, she thought, that smacked suspiciously of the flesh and the devil about such conduct. Great, then, was her astonishment when, the penultimate pot being placed at Easter on the table, Klutz turned from it with loathing. Nor did he ever look at apple-jelly again; nor did he, of other viands, eat enough to keep him in health. He who had been so voracious forgot his meals, and had to be coaxed before he would eat at all. He spent his spare time writing, sitting up sometimes all night, and consuming candles at the same headlong rate with which he had previously consumed the jelly; and when towards May her husband once more commented on his seriousness, Frau Manske's conscience no longer permitted her to sniff.

"You must be ill," she said to him at last, on a day when he had sat through the meals in silence and had refused to eat at all.

"Ill!" burst out Klutz, whose body and soul seemed both to be in one fierce blaze of fever—"I am sick—sick even unto death."

And he did feel sick. Only two days had elapsed since he had received Anna's poem and had been thrown by it into a tumult of delight and triumph;

for the discouragement it contained had but encouraged him the more, appearing to be merely the becoming self-depreciation of a woman before him who has been by nature appointed lord. He was perfectly ready to overlook the obstacles to their union to which she alluded. She could not help her years; there were, truly, more of them than he would have wished, but luckily they were not visible on that still lovely face. As to position, he supposed she meant that he was not *adelig*; but a man, he reflected, compared to a woman, is always *adelig*, whatever his name may be, by virtue of his higher and nobler nature. He had been for rushing at once to Kleinwalde; but his pupil and confidant had said "Don't," and had said it with such energy that for that day at least he had resisted. And now, the very morning of the day on which the Frau Pastor was asking him whether he were ill, he had received a curt note from Miss Leech, informing him that Miss Letty Estcourt would for the present discontinue her German studies. What had happened? Even the poem, lying warm on his heart, was not able to dispel his fears. He had flown at once to Kleinwalde, feeling that it was absurd not to follow the dictates of his heart and cast himself in person at Anna's no doubt expectant feet, and the door had been shut in his face—rudely shut, by a coarse servant, whose manner had so much enraged him

that he had almost shown her the precious verses then and there, to convince her of his importance in that house; indeed, the only consideration that restrained him was a conviction of her ignorance of the English tongue.

"Would you like to see the doctor?" inquired Frau Manske, startled by his looks and words; perhaps he had caught something infectious; an infectious vicar in the house would be horrible.

"The doctor!" cried Klutz; and forthwith quoted the German rendering of the six lines beginning, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased."

Frau Manske was seriously alarmed. Not aware that he was quoting, she was horrified to hear him calling her *Du*, a privilege confined to lovers, husbands, and near relations, and asking her questions that she was sure no decent vicar would ever ask the respectable mother of a family. "I am sure you ought to see the doctor," she said nervously, getting up hastily and going to the door.

"No, no," said Klutz; "the doctor does not exist who can help me."

His hand went to the breast-pocket containing the poem, and he fingered it feverishly. He longed to show it to Frau Manske, to translate it for her, to let her see what the young Kleinwalde lady, joint patron with Herr von Lohm of her husband's living, thought of him.

"I will ask my husband about the doctor," persisted Frau Manske, disappearing with unusual haste. If she had stayed one minute longer he would have shown her the poem.

Klutz did not wait to hear what the pastor said, but crushed his felt hat onto his head and started for a violent walk. He would go through Kleinwalde, past the house; he would haunt the woods; he would wait about. It was a hot, gusty May afternoon, and the wind that had been quiet so long was blowing up the dust in clouds; but he hurried along regardless of heat and wind and dust, with an energy surprising in one who had eaten nothing all day. Love had come to him very turbulently. He had been looking for it ever since he left school; but his watchful parents had kept him in solitary places—empty, uninhabited places like Lohm—places where the parson's daughters were either married or were still tied on the cushions of infancy. Sometimes he had been invited, as a great condescension, to the Dellwigs' Sunday parties; and there too he had looked around for Love. But the company consisted solely of stout farmers' wives, ladies of thirty, forty, fifty—of a dizzy antiquity, that is, and their talk was of butter-making and sausages, and they cared not at all for Love. "Oh, Love, Love, Love, where shall I find thee?" he would cry to the stars on his way home through the forest after these evenings;

but the stars twinkled coldly on, obviously profoundly indifferent as to whether he found it or not. His chest of drawers was full of the poems into which he had poured the emotions of twenty, the emotions and longings that well-fed, unoccupied twenty mistakes for soul. And then the English Miss had burst upon his gaze, sitting in her carriage on that stormy March day, smiling at him from the very first, piercing his heart through and through with eyes that many persons besides Klutz saw were lovely, and so had he found Love, and for ever lost his interest in apple-jelly.

It was a confident, bold Love, with more hopes than fears, more assurance than misgivings. The poem seemed to burn his pocket, so violently did he long to show it round, to tell everyone of his good fortune. The lilies-of-the-valley to which it had been tied and that he wore since all day long in his coat, were hardly brown, and yet he was tired already of having such a secret to himself. What advantage was there in being told by the lady of Kleinwalde that she regretted not being able to call him *Lämmchen* or *Schätzchen* (the alternative renderings his dictionary gave of pet) if no one knew it?

When he reached the house he walked past it at a snail's pace, staring up at the blank, repellent windows. Not a soul was to be seen. He went on discontentedly. What should he do? The door

had been shut in his face once already that day, why he could not imagine. He hesitated, and turned back. He would try again. Why not? The Miss would have scolded the servant roundly when she heard that the person who dwelt in her thoughts as a *Lämmchen* had been turned away. He went boldly round the grass plot in front of the house and knocked.

The same servant appeared. Instantly on seeing him she slammed the door, and called out "*Nicht zu Haus!*"

"*Ekelhaftes Benehmen!*" cried Klutz aloud, flaming into sudden passion. His mind, never very strong, had grown weaker along with his body during these exciting days of love and fasting. A wave of fury swept over him as he stood before the shut door and heard the servant going away; and hardly knowing what he did, he seized the knocker, and knocked and knocked till the woods rang.

There was a sound of hurried footsteps on the path behind him, and turning his head, his hand still knocking, he saw Dellwig running towards him.

"*Nanu!*" cried Dellwig breathlessly, staring in blankest astonishment. "What in the devil's name are you making this noise for? Is the parson on fire?"

Klutz stared back in a dazed sort of way, his fury dying out at once in the presence of the stronger

nature; then, because he was twenty, and because he was half-starved, and because he felt he was being cruelly used, there on Anna's doorstep, in the full light of the evening sun, with Dellwig's eyes upon him, he burst into a torrent of tears.

"Well of all—what's wrong at Lohm, you great sheep?" asked Dellwig, seizing his arm and giving him a shake.

Klutz signified by a movement of his head that nothing was wrong at Lohm. He was crying like a baby, into a red pocket-handkerchief, and could not speak.

Dellwig, still gripping his arm, stared at him a moment in silence; then he turned him round, pushed him down the steps, and walked him off. "Come along, young man," he said, "I want some explanation of this. If you are mad you'll be locked up. We don't fancy madmen about our place. And if you're not mad you'll be fined by the *Amts-vorsteher* for disorderly conduct. Knocking like that at a lady's door! I wonder you didn't kick it in, while you were about it. It's a good thing the *Herrschaften* are out."

Klutz really felt ill. He leaned on Dellwig's arm and let himself be helped along, the energy gone out of him with the fury. "You have never loved," was all he said, wiping his eyes.

"Oh that's it, is it? It is love that made you

want to break the knocker? Why didn't you go round to the back? Which of them is it? The cook, of course. You look hungry. A *Kandidat* crying after a cook!" And Dellwig laughed loud and long.

"The cook!" cried Klutz, galvanised by the word into life. "The cook!" He thrust a shaking hand into his breast-pocket and dragged it out, the precious paper, unfolding it with trembling fingers, and holding it before Dellwig's eyes. "So much for your cooks," he said, tremulously triumphant. They were in the road, out of sight of the house. Dellwig took the paper and held it close to his eyes. "What's this?" he asked, scrutinising it. "It is not German."

"It is English," said Klutz.

"What, the governess——?"

Klutz merely pointed to the name at the end. Oh, the sweetness of that moment!

"Anna?" read out Dellwig, "Anna? That is Miss Estcourt's name."

"It is," said Klutz, his tears all dried up.

"It seems to be poetry," said Dellwig slowly.

"It is," said Klutz.

"Why have you got it?"

"Why indeed! It's mine. She sent it to me. She wrote it for me. These flowers——"

"Miss Estcourt? Sent it to you? Poetry? To

you?" Dellwig looked up from the paper at Klutz, and examined him slowly from head to foot as if he had never seen him before. His expression while he did it was not flattering, but Klutz rarely noticed expressions. "What's it all about?" he asked, when he had reached Klutz's boots, by which he seemed struck, for he looked at them twice.

"Love," said Klutz proudly.

"Love?"

"Let me come home with you," said Klutz eagerly, "I'll translate it there. I can't here, where we might be disturbed."

"Come on, then," said Dellwig, walking off at a great pace with the paper in his hand.

Just as they were turning into the farmyard the rattle of a carriage was heard coming down the road. "Stop," said Dellwig, laying his hand on Klutz's arm, "the *Herrschaften* have been drinking coffee in the woods—here they are, coming home. You can get a greeting if you wait."

They both stood on the edge of the road, and the carriage with Anna and a selection from her house-party drove by. Dellwig and Klutz swept off their hats. When Anna saw Klutz she turned scarlet—undeniably, unmistakably scarlet—and looked away quickly. Dellwig's lips shaped themselves into a whistle. "Come in, then," he said, glancing at Klutz; "come in and translate your poem."

Seldom had Klutz passed more delicious moments than those in which he rendered Letty's verses into German, with both the Dellwigs drinking in his words. The proud and exclusive Dellwigs! A month ago such a thing would have been too wild a flight of fancy for the most ambitious dream. In the very room in which he had been thrust aside at parties, forgotten in corners, left behind when the others went into supper, he was now sitting the centre of interest, with his former supercilious hosts hanging on his words. When he had done, had all too soon come to the end of his delightful task, he looked round at them triumphantly; and his triumph was immediately dashed out of him by Dellwig, who said with his harshest laugh, "Put aside all your hopes, young man—Miss Estcourt is engaged to Herr von Lohm."

"Engaged? To Herr von Lohm?" Klutz echoed stupidly, his mouth open, and the hand holding the verses dropping limply to his side.

"Engaged, engaged, engaged," Dellwig repeated in a loud sing-song, "not openly, but all the same engaged."

"It is truly scandalous!" cried his wife, greatly excited, and firmly believing that the verses were indeed Anna's. Was she not herself of the race of *Weiber*, and did she not therefore well know what they were capable of?

"Silence, Frau!" commanded Dellwig.

"And she takes my flowers—my daily offerings, floral and poetical, and she sends me these verses—and all the time she is betrothed to someone else?"

"She is," said Dellwig with another burst of laughter, for Klutz's face amused him intensely. He got up and slapped him on the shoulder. "This is your first experience of *Weiber*, eh? Don't waste your heartaches over her. She is a young lady who likes to have her little joke and means no harm——"

"She is a person without shame!" cried his wife.

"Silence, Frau!" snapped Dellwig. "Look here, young man—why, what does he look like, sitting there with all the wind knocked out of him? Get him a glass of brandy, Frau, or we shall have him crying again. Sit up, and be a man. Miss Estcourt is not for you, and never will be. Only a vicar could ever have dreamed she was, and have been imposed upon by this poetry stuff. But though you're a vicar you're a man, eh? Here, drink this, and tell us if you are not a man."

Klutz feebly tried to push the glass away, but Dellwig insisted. Klutz was pale to ghastliness, and his eyes were brimming again with tears.

"Oh, this person! Oh, this Englishwoman! Oh, the shameful treatment of an estimable young man!"

cried Frau Dellwig, staring at the havoc Anna had wrought.

"Silence, Frau!" shouted Dellwig stamping his foot. "You can't be treated like this," he went on to Klutz, who, used to drinking much milk at the abstemious parsonage, already felt the brandy running along his veins like liquid fire, "you can't be made ridiculous and do nothing. A vicar can't fight, but you must have some revenge."

Klutz started. "Revenge! Yes, but what revenge?" he asked.

"Nothing to do with Miss Estcourt, of course. Leave her alone——"

"Leave her alone?" cried his wife, "what, when she it is——"

"Silence, Frau!" roared Dellwig. "Leave her alone, I say. You won't gain anything there, young man. But go to her *Bräutigam* Lohm and tell him about it, and show him the stuff. He'll be interested."

Dellwig laughed boisterously, and took two or three rapid turns up and down the room. He had not lived with old Joachim and seen much of old Lohm and the surrounding landowners without having learned something of their views on questions of honour. Axel Lohm he knew to be specially strict and strait-laced, to possess in quite an unusual degree the ideals that Dellwig thought so

absurd and so unpractical—the ideals, that is, of a Christian gentleman. Had he not known him since he was a child? And he had always been a prig. How would he like Miss Estcourt to be talked about, as of course she would be talked about? Klutz's mouth could not be stopped, and the whole district would know what had been going on. Axel Lohm could not and would not marry a young lady who wrote verses to vicars; and if all relations between Lohm and Kleinwalde ceased, why then life would resume its former pleasant course, he, Dellwig, staying on at his post, becoming, as was natural, his mistress's sole adviser, and certainly after due persuasion achieving all he wanted, including the brick-kiln. The plainness and clearness of the future was beautiful. He walked up and down the room making odd sounds of satisfaction, and silencing his wife with vigour every time she opened her lips. Even his wife, so quick as a rule of comprehension, had not grasped how this poem had changed their situation, and how it behoved them now not to abuse their mistress before a mischief-making young man. She was blinded, he knew, by her hatred of Miss Estcourt. Women were always the slaves, in defiance of their own interests, to some emotion or other; if it was not love, then it was hatred. Never could they wait for anything whatever. The passing passion must out and be indulged, however fatal the consequences

might be. What a set they were! And the best of them, what fools. He glanced angrily at his wife as he passed her, but his glance, travelling from her to Klutz, who sat quite still with head sunk on his chest, legs straight out before him, the hand with the paper loosely held in it hanging down out of the cuffless sleeve nearly to the floor, and vacant eyes staring into space, his good humour returned, and he gave another harsh laugh. "Well?" he said, standing in front of this dejected figure. "How long will you sit there? If I were you I'd lose no time. You don't want those two to be making love and enjoying themselves an hour longer than is necessary, do you? With you out in the cold? With you so cruelly deceived? And made to look so ridiculous? I'd spoil that if I were you, at once."

"Yes, you are right. I'll go to Herr von Lohm and see if I can have an interview."

Klutz got up with a great show of determination, put the paper in his pocket, and buttoned his coat over it for greater security. Then he hesitated.

"It is a shameful thing, isn't it?" he said, his eyes on Dellwig's face.

"Shameful? It's downright cruel."

"Shameful!" began his wife.

"Silence, I tell thee! Young ladies' jokes are sometimes cruel, you see. I believe it was a joke, but a very heartless one, and one that has made you

look more foolish even than half-fledged pastors of your age generally do look. It is only fair in return to spoil her game for her. Take another glass of brandy, and go and do it."

Klutz stared hard for a moment at Dellwig. Then he seized the brandy, gulped it down, snatched up his hat, and taking no farewell notice of either husband or wife, hurried out of the room. They saw him pass beneath the window, his hat over his eyes, his face white, his ears aflame.

"There goes a fool," said Dellwig, rubbing his hands, "and as useful a one as ever I saw. But here's another fool," he added, turning sharply to his wife, "and I don't want them in my own house."

And he proceeded to tell her, in the vigorous and convincing language of a justly irritated husband, what he thought of her.

CHAPTER VIII.

KLUTZ sped, as fast as his shaking limbs allowed, to Lohm. When he passed Anna's house he flung it a look of burning contempt, which he hoped she saw and felt from behind some curtain; and then, trying to put her from his mind, he made desperate efforts to arrange his thoughts a little for the coming interview. He supposed that it must be the brandy that made it so difficult for him to discern exactly why he was to go to Herr von Lohm instead of to the person principally concerned, the person who had treated him so scandalously; but Herr Dellwig knew best, of course, and judged the matter quite dispassionately. Certainly Herr von Lohm, as an insolently happy rival, ought in mere justice to be annoyed a little; and if the annoyance reached such a pitch of effectiveness as to make him break off the engagement, why then—there was no knowing—perhaps after all——? The ordinary Christian was bound to forgive his erring brother; how much more, then, was it incumbent on a pastor to forgive his erring sister? But Klutz did wish that someone else could have done the annoying for him, leav-

ing him to deal solely with Anna, a woman, a member of the sex in whose presence he was always at his ease. The brandy prevented him from feeling it as acutely as he would otherwise have done, but the plain truth, the truth undisguised by brandy, was that he looked up to Axel Lohm with a respect bordering on fear, had never in his life been alone with him, or so much as spoken to him beyond ordinary civilities when they met, and he was frightened.

By the time he reached Axel's stables, which stood by the roadside about five minutes' walk from Axel's gate, he found himself obliged to go over his sufferings once again one by one, to count the dinners he had missed, to remember the feverish nights and the restless days, to rehearse what Dellwig had just told him of his present ridiculousness, or he would have turned back and gone home. But these thoughts gave him the courage necessary to get him through the gate; and by the time he had rounded the bend in the avenue escape had become impossible, for Axel was standing on the steps of the house. Axel had a cigar in his mouth; his hands were in his pockets, and he was watching the paces of a young mare which was being led up and down. Two pointers were sitting at his feet, and when Klutz appeared they rushed down at him barking. Klutz did not as a rule object to being barked at by dogs,

but he was in a highly nervous state, and **shrank** aside involuntarily. The groom leading the **mare** grinned; Axel whistled the dogs off; and Klutz, **with** hot ears, walked up and took off his hat.

"What can I do for you, Herr Klutz?" asked Axel, his hands still in his pockets, and his **eyes on** the mare's legs.

"I wish to speak with you privately," said Klutz.

"*Gut.* Just wait a moment." And Klutz waited, while Axel, with great deliberation, continued his scrutiny of the mare, and followed it up by a lengthy technical discussion of her faults and her merits **with** the groom.

This was intolerable. Klutz had come on business of vital importance, and he was left standing there for what seemed to him at least half an hour, as though he were rather less than a dog or a beggar. As time passed, and he still was kept waiting, the fury that had possessed him as he stood helpless before Anna's shut door in the afternoon, returned. All his doubts and fears and respect melted away. What a day he had had of suffering, of every kind of agitation! The ground alone that he had covered, going backwards and forwards between Lohm and Kleinwalde, was enough to tire out a man in health; and he was not in health—he was ill, fasting, shaking in every limb. While he had been suffering (*leidend und schwitzend*, he said to himself,

grinding his teeth), this comfortable man in the gaiters and the aggressively clean cuffs had no doubt passed very pleasant and easy hours, had had three meals at least where he had had none, had smoked cigars and examined horses' legs, had ridden a little, driven a little, and would presently go round, now that the cool of the evening had come, to Kleinwalde, and sit in the twilight while Miss Estcourt called him *Schatz*. Oh, it was not to be borne! Dellwig was right—he must be annoyed, punished, at all costs shaken out of his lofty indifference. “Let me remind you,” Klutz burst out in a voice that trembled with passion, “that I am still here, and still waiting, and that I have only two legs. Your horse, I see, has four, and is better able to stand and wait than I am.”

Axel turned and stared at him. “Why, what is the matter?” he asked, astonished. “You *are* Manske’s vicar? Yes, of course you are. I did not know you had anything very pressing to tell me. I am sorry I have kept you—come in.”

He sent the mare to the stables, and led the way into his study. “Sit down,” he said, pushing a chair forward, and sitting down himself by his writing-table. “Have a cigar?”

“No.”

“No?” Axel stared again. “‘No thank you’ is the form prejudice prefers,” he said.

"I care nothing for that."

"What is the matter, my dear Herr Klutz? You are very angry about something."

"I have been shamefully treated by a woman."

"It is what sometimes happens to young men," said Axel, smiling.

"I do not want cheap wisdom like that," cried Klutz, his eyes ablaze.

Axel's brows went up. "You are rude, my good Herr Klutz," he said. "Try to be polite if you wish me to help you. If you cannot, I shall ask you to go."

"I will not go."

"My dear Herr Klutz."

"I say I will not go till I have told you what I came to tell you. The woman is Miss Estcourt."

"Miss Estcourt?" repeated Axel, amazed. Then he added, "Call her a lady."

"She is a woman to all intents and purposes——"

"Call her a lady. It sounds better from a young man of your station."

"Of my station! What, a man with the brains of a man, the mind of a man, the sinews of a man, is not equal, is not superior, whatever his station may be, to a mere woman?"

"I will not discuss your internal arrangements. Has there, then, been some mistake about the salary you are to receive?"

"What salary?"

"For teaching Miss Letty Estcourt?"

"Pah—the salary. Love does not look at salaries."

"That sounds magnificent. Did you say love?"

"For weeks past, all the time that I have taught the niece, she has taken my flowers, my messages, at first verbal and at last written——"

"One moment. Of whom are we talking? I have met you with Miss Leech——"

"The governess? *Ich danke*. It is Miss Estcourt who has encouraged me and led me on, and now, after calling me her *Lämmchen*, takes away her niece and shuts her door in my face——"

"You have been drinking?"

"Certainly not," cried Klutz, the more indignantly because of his consciousness of the brandy.

"Then you have no excuse at all for talking in this manner of my neighbour?"

"Excuse! To hear you, one would think she must be a queen," said Klutz, laughing derisively.

"If she were, I should still talk as I pleased. A cat may look at a king, I suppose?" And he laughed again, very bitterly disliking even for one moment to imagine himself in the *rôle* of the cat.

"A cat may look as long and as often as it likes," said Axel, "but it must not get in the king's way. I am sure you can guess why."

"I have not come here to guess why about anything."

"Oh, it is not very abstruse—the cat would be kicked by somebody, of course."

"Oh, ho! Not if it could bite, and had what I have in its pocket."

"Cats do not have pockets, my dear Herr Klutz. You must have noticed that yourself. Pray, what is it that you have in yours?"

"A little poem she sent me in answer to one of mine. A little, sweet poem. I thought you might like to see how your future wife writes to another man."

"Ah—that is why you have called so kindly on me? Out of pure thoughtfulness. My future wife, then, is Miss Estcourt?"

"It is an open secret."

"It is, most unfortunately, not true."

"*Ach*—I knew you would deny it," cried Klutz, slapping his leg and grinning horribly. "I knew you would deny it when you heard she had been behaving badly. But denials do not alter anything—no one will believe them——"

Axel shrugged his shoulders. "Am I to see the poem?" he asked.

Klutz took it out and handed it to him. The twilight had come into the room, and Axel put the paper down a moment while he lit the candles on his

table. Then he smoothed out its creases, and holding it close to the light read it attentively. Klutz leaned forward and watched his face. Not a muscle moved. It had been calm before, and it remained calm. Klutz could hardly keep himself from leaping up and striking that impassive face, striking some sort of feeling into it. He had played his big card, and Axel was quite unmoved. What could he do, what could he say, to hurt him?

"Shall we burn it?" inquired Axel, looking up from the paper.

"Burn it? Burn my poem?"

"It is such very great nonsense. It is written by a child. We know what child. Only one in this part can write English."

"Miss Estcourt wrote it, I tell you!" cried Klutz, jumping to his feet and snatching the paper away.

"Your telling me so does not in the very least convince me. Miss Estcourt knows nothing about it."

"She does—she did——" screamed Klutz, beside himself. "Your Miss Estcourt—your *Braut*—you try to brazen it out because you are ashamed of such a *Braut*. It is no use—everyone shall see this, and be told about it—the whole province shall ring with it—I will not be the laughing-stock, but *you* will be. Not a labourer, not a peasant, but shall hear of it——"

"It strikes me," said Axel, rising, "that you badly

want kicking. I do not like to do it in my house—it hardly seems hospitable. If you will suggest a convenient place, neutral ground, I shall be pleased to come and do it.”

He looked at Klutz with an encouraging smile. Then something in the young man's twitching face arrested his attention. “Do you know what I think?” he said quickly, in a different voice. “It is less a kicking that you want than a good meal. You really look as though you had had nothing to eat for a week. The difference a beefsteak would make to your views would surprise you. Come, come,” he said, patting him on the shoulder, “I have been taking you too seriously. You are evidently not in your usual state. When did you have food last? What has Frau Pastor been about? And your eyelids are so red that I do believe——” Axel looked closer—“I do believe you have been crying.”

“Sir,” began Klutz, struggling hard with a dreadful inclination to cry again, for self-pity is a very tender and tearful sentiment, “Sir——”

“Let me order that beefsteak,” said Axel kindly. “My cook will have it ready in ten minutes.”

“Sir,” said Klutz, with the tremendous dignity that immediately precedes tears, “Sir, I am not to be bribed.”

“Well, take a cigar at least,” said Axel, opening his case. “That will not corrupt you as much as

the beefsteak, and will soothe you a little on your way home. For you must go home and get to bed. You are as near an illness as any man I ever saw."

The tears were so near, so terribly near, that, hardly knowing what he did, and sooner than trust himself to speak, Klutz took a cigar and lit it at the match Axel held for him. His hand shook pitifully.

"Now go home, my dear Klutz," said Axel very kindly. "Tell Frau Pastor to give you some food, and then get to bed. I wish you would have taken the beefsteak—here is your hat. If you like, we will talk about this nonsense later on. Believe me, it is nonsense. You will be the first to say so next week."

And he ushered him out to the steps, and watched him go down them, uneasy lest he should stumble and fall, so weak did he seem to be. "What a hot wind!" he exclaimed. "You will have a dusty walk home. Go slowly. Good-night."

"Poor devil," he thought, as Klutz without speaking went down the avenue into the darkness with unsteady steps, "poor young devil—the highest possible opinion of himself, and the smallest possible quantity of brains; a weak will and strong instincts; much unwholesome study of the Old Testament in Hebrew with Manske; a body twenty years old, and the finest spring I can remember filling it with all sorts of anti-parsonic longings. I believe I ought to

have taken him home. He looked as though he would faint."

This last thought disturbed Axel. The image of Klutz fainting into a ditch and remaining in it prostrate all night, refused to be set aside; and at last he got his hat and went down the avenue after him.

But Klutz, who had shuffled along quickly, was nowhere to be seen. Axel opened the avenue gate and looked down the road that led past the stables to the village and parsonage, and then across the fields to Kleinwalde; he even went a little way along it, with an uneasy eye on the ditches, but he did not see Klutz, either upright or prostrate. Well, if he were in a ditch, he said to himself, he would not drown; the ditches were all as empty, dry, and burnt-up as four weeks incessant drought and heat could make them. He turned back repeating that eminently consolatory proverb, *Unkraut vergeht nicht*, and walked quickly to his own gate; for it was late, and he had work to do, and he had wasted more time than he could afford with Klutz. A man on a horse coming from the opposite direction passed him. It was Dellwig, and each recognised the other; but in these days of mutual and profound distrust both were glad of the excuse the darkness gave for omitting the usual greetings. Dellwig rode on towards Kleinwalde in silence, and Axel turned in at his gate.

But the poor young devil, as Axel called him, had not fainted. Hurrying down the dark avenue, beyond Axel's influence, far from fainting, it was all Klutz could do not to shout with passion at his own insufferable weakness, his miserable want of self-control in the presence of the man he now regarded as his enemy. The tears in his eyes had given Lohm an opportunity for pretending he was sorry for him, and for making insulting and derisive offers of food. What could equal in humiliation the treatment to which he had been subjected? First he had been treated as a dog, and then, far worse, far, far worse and more difficult to bear with dignity, as a child. A beefsteak? Oh, the shame that seared his soul as he thought of it! This revolting specimen of the upper class had declared, with a hateful smile of indulgent superiority, that all his love, all his sufferings, all his just indignation, depended solely for their existence on whether he did or did not eat a beefsteak. Could coarse-mindedness and gross insensibility go further? "Thrice miserable nation!" he cried, aloud, shaking his fist at the unconcerned stars,—"thrice miserable nation, whose ruling class is composed of men so vile!" And, having removed his cigar in order to make this utterance, he remembered, with a great start, that it was Axel's.

He was in the road, just passing Axel's stables. The gate to the stable-yard stood open, and inside

it, heaped against one of the buildings, was a waggon-load of straw. Instantly Klutz became aware of what he was going to do. A lightning-flash of clear purpose illumined the disorder of his brain. It was supper-time, and no one was about. He ran inside the gate and threw the lighted cigar onto the straw; and because there was not an instantaneous blaze fumbled for his matchbox, and lit one match after the other, pushing them in a kind of frenzy under the loose ends of straw.

There was a puff of smoke, and then a bright tongue of flame; immediately he had achieved his purpose he was terrified, and fled away from the dreadful light, and hid himself, shuddering, in the darkness of the country road.

CHAPTER IX.

"It's in Stralsund," cried the princess, hurrying out into the Kleinwalde garden when first the alarm was given.

"It's in Lohm," cried someone else.

Anna watched the light in silence, her face paler than ordinary, her hair blown about by the hot wind. The trees in the dark garden swayed and creaked, the air was parching and full of dust, the light glared brighter each moment. Surely it was very near? Surely it was nearer than Stralsund? "It's in Lohm," cried someone with conviction; and Anna turned and began to run.

"Where are you running to, Aunt Anna?" asked Letty, breathlessly following her; for since the affair with Klutz she followed her aunt about like a conscience-stricken dog.

"The fire-engine—there is one at the farm—it must go—"

They took each other's hands and ran in silence. Between the gusts of wind they could hear the Lohm church-bells ringing; and almost immediately the single Kleinwalde bell began to toll, to toll with a

forlorn, blood-curdling sound altogether different from its unmeaning Sunday tinkle.

In front of her house Frau Dellwig stood, watching the sky. "It is Lohm," she said to Anna as she came up panting.

"Yes—the fire-engine—is it ordered? Has it gone? No? Then at once—at once——"

"*Jawohl, jawohl,*" said Frau Dellwig with great calm, the philosophic calm of him who contemplates calamities other than his own. She said something to one of the maids who were standing about in pleased and excited groups laughing and whispering, and the girl shuffled off in her clattering wooden shoes. "My husband is not here," she explained, "and the men are at supper."

"Then they must leave their supper," cried Anna. "Go, go, you girls, and tell them so—look how terrible it is getting——"

"Yes, it is a big fire. The girl I sent will tell them. They say it is the *Schloss*."

"Oh, go yourself and tell the men—see, there is no sign of them—every minute is priceless——"

"It is always a business with the engine. It has not been required, thank God, for years. Mietze, go and hurry them."

The girl called Mietze went off at a trot. The others put their heads together, looked at their young mistress, and whispered. A stable-boy came to the

pump and filled his pail. Everyone seemed composed, and yet there was that bloody sky, and there was that insistent cry for help from the anxious bell.

Anna could hardly bear it. What was happening down there to her kind friend?

"It is the *Schloss*," said the stable-boy in answer to a question from Frau Dellwig as he passed with his full pail, spilling the water at every step.

"*Ach*. I thought so," she said, glancing at Anna.

Anna made a passionate movement, and ran down the steps after the girl Mietze. Frau Dellwig could not but follow, which she did slowly, at a disapproving distance.

But Dellwig galloped into the yard at that moment, his horse covered with sweat, and his loud and peremptory orders extracted the ancient engine from its shed, got the horses harnessed to it, and after what Anna thought an eternity it rattled away. When it started, the whole sky to the south was like one dreadful sheet of blood.

"It is the stables," he said to Anna.

"Herr von Lohm's?"

"Yes. They cannot be saved."

"And the house?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's a windy night," he said, "and the wind is blowing that way. There

are pine-trees between. Everything is as dry as cinders."

"The stables—are they insured?"

But Dellwig was off again, after the engine.

"What can we do, Letty? What can we *do*?" cried Anna, turning to Letty when the sound of the wheels had died away and only the hurried bell was heard above the whistling and banging of the wind. "It's horrible here, listening to that bell tolling, and looking at the sky. If I could throw one single bucketful of water on the fire I should not feel so useless, so utterly, utterly of no use or good for anything."

Neither of them had ever seen a fire, and horror had seized them both. The night seemed so dark, the world all round so black, except in that one dreadful spot. Anna knew Axel could not afford to lose money. From things Trudi had said, from things the princess had said, she knew it. There was at Lohm, she felt rather than knew, an abundance of everything necessary to ordinary comfortable living, as there generally is in the country on farms; but money was scarce, and a series of bad seasons, perhaps even one bad season, or anything out of the way happening, might make it very scarce, might make the further proper farming of the place impossible. Suppose the stables were not insured, where would the money come from to rebuild them?

And the horses—she had heard that horses went mad with fright in a fire, and refused to leave their stables. And the house—suppose this cruel wind made the checking of the fire impossible, and it licked its way across the trees to Axel's house? "Oh, what can we *do*?" she cried to the frightened Letty.

"Let's go there," said Letty.

"Yes!" cried Anna, striking her hands together. "Yes! The carriage—Frau Dellwig, order the carriage—order Fritz to bring the carriage out at once. Tell him to be quick—quick!"

"The gracious Miss will go to Lohm?"

"Yes—call him, send for him—Fritz! Fritz!" She herself began to call.

"But——"

"Fritz! Fritz! Run Letty, and see if you can find him."

"If I may be permitted to advise——"

"Fritz! Fritz! Fritz!"

"Call the *herrschaftliche Kutscher* Fritz," Frau Dellwig then commanded a passing boy in a loud and stern voice. "Not only mad, but improper," was her private comment. "She goes by night to her *Bräutigam*—to her unacknowledged *Bräutigam*." Even a possibly burning *Bräutigam* did not, in her opinion, excuse such a step.

The darkness concealed the anger on her face,

and Anna neither noticed nor cared for the anger in her voice, but began herself to run in the direction of the stables, leaving Frau Dellwig to her reflections.

"Princess Ludwig is looking for you everywhere, Aunt Anna," said Letty, coming towards her, having found Fritz and succeeded in making him understand what she wanted.

"Where is she? Is the carriage coming?"

"He said five minutes. She was at the house, asking the servants if they had seen you."

"Come along then; we'll go to her."

"I was afraid I should not find you here," said the princess as Anna came up the steps of the house into the light of the entry, "and that you had run off to Lohm to put the fire out. My dear child, what do you look like? Come and look at yourself in the glass."

She led her to the glass that hung above the Dellwig hat-stand.

"I am just going there," said Anna, looking at her reflection without seeing it. "The carriage is being got ready now."

"Then I am coming too. What has the wind been doing to your hair? See, I knew you were running about bareheaded, and have brought you a scarf. Come, let me tie it over all these excited

little curls, and turn you into a sober and circumspect young woman."

Anna bent her head and let the princess do as she pleased. "Herr Dellwig is afraid the fire will spread to the house," she said breathlessly. "Our engine has only just gone——"

"I heard it."

"It is such a lumbering thing, it will be hours getting there——"

"Oh, not hours. Half a one, perhaps."

"Are they insured?"

"The buildings? They are sure to be. But there is always a loss that cannot be covered—*ach*, Frau Dellwig, good-evening—you see we have taken possession of your house. To have no stables and probably no horses just when the busy time is beginning is terrible. Poor Axel. There—now you are tidy. Wait, let me fasten your cloak and cover up your pretty dress. Is Letty to come too?"

"Oh—if she likes. Why doesn't the carriage come?"

"It will be much better if Letty goes to bed," said the princess.

"Oh!" said Letty.

"It is long past her bedtime, and she has no hat, and nothing round her. Shall we not ask Frau Dellwig to send a servant with her home?"

"*Aber gewiss——*" began Frau Dellwig.

But Anna was out again on the steps, was shutting out the flaming sky with one hand while she strained her eyes into the darkness of the corner where the coach-house was. She could hear Fritz's voice, and the horses' hoofs on the cobbles, and she could see the light of a lantern jogging up and down as the stable-boy who held it hurried to and fro. "Quick, quick, Fritz," she cried.

"*Jawohl, gnädiges Fräulein,*" came back the answer in the old man's cheery, reassuring tones. But it was like a nightmare, standing there waiting, waiting, the precious minutes slipping by, terrible things happening to Axel, and she herself unable to stir a step towards him.

"Take me with you—let me come too," pleaded Letty from behind her, slipping her hand into Anna's.

"Then tie a handkerchief or something round your head," said Anna, her eyes on the lantern moving about before the coach-house. Then the carriage-lamps flashed out, and in another moment the carriage rattled up.

It was a ghostly drive. As the tops of the pine-trees swayed aside they caught glimpses of the red horror of the sky; and when they got out into the open Anna cried out involuntarily, for it seemed as if the whole world were on fire. The spire of Lohm church and the roofs of the cottages stood out clear

and sharp in the fierce light. The horses, more and more frightened the nearer they drew, plunged and reared, and old Fritz could hardly hold them in. On turning the corner by the parsonage they were not to be induced to advance another yard, but swerved aside, kicking and terrified, and threatening every moment to upset the carriage into the ditch.

Anna jumped out and ran on. The princess, slower and more bulky, was helped out by Letty and followed after as quickly as she could. In the road and in the field opposite the stables the whole population was gathered, illuminated figures in eager, chattering groups. From the pump on the green in front of the school-house, a chain of helpers had been formed, and buckets of water were being passed along from hand to hand to the engines; and there was no other water. The engines were working farther down the road, keeping the hose turned on to the trees between the stables and the house. There were clumps of pine-trees among them, and these were the trees that would carry the fire across to Axel's house. Men in the garden were hacking at them, the blows of their axes indistinguishable in the uproar, but every now and then one of the victims fell with a crash among its fellows still standing behind it.

"Oh, poor Axel, poor Axel!" murmured Anna, drawing her scarf across her face as she passed along

to protect it from the intolerable heat. But she was an unmistakeable figure in her blue cloak and white dress, stumbling on to where the engines were; and the groups of onlookers nudged each other and turned to stare after her as she passed.

"How did it happen?" she asked, suddenly stopping before a knot of women. They were in the act of discussing her, and started and looked foolish.

"No one knows," said the eldest, when Anna repeated her question. "They say it was done on purpose."

"Done on purpose!" echoed Anna, staring at the speaker. "Why, who would set fire to a place on purpose?"

But to this question no reply at all was forthcoming. They fidgeted and looked at each other, and one of the younger ones tittered, and then put her hand before her mouth.

In the potato-field across the road, two storks, whose nest for many springs had been on one of the roofs now burning, had placed their young ones in safety, and were watching over them. The young storks were only a few days old, and had been thrown out of the nest by the parents; and then dragged away out of danger into the field, the parents mounting guard over their bruised and dislocated offspring, and the whole group transformed

in the glow into a beautiful, rosy, dazzling white, into a family of spiritualised, glorified storks, as they huddled ruefully together in their place of refuge. Anna saw them without knowing that she saw them; there were three little ones, and one was dead. The princess and Letty found her standing beside them, watching the roaring furnace of the stable-yard with parted lips and wide-open, horror-stricken eyes.

"Most of the horses were got out in time," said the princess taking Anna's arm, determined that she should not again slip away, "and they say the buildings are fully insured, and he will be able to have much better ones."

"But the time lost—they can't be built in a day——"

"The man I spoke to said they were such old buildings and in such a bad state that Axel can congratulate himself that they have been burned. But of course there will always be the time lost. Have you seen him? Let us go on a little—we shall be scorched to cinders here."

Both Axel and Dellwig were superintending the working of the hose. "I do not want my trees destroyed," he said to Dellwig, with whom in the stress of the moment he had resumed his earlier manner; "they are not insured." He had watched the stables go with an impassiveness that struck several of the bystanders as odd. Dellwig and many others of the

dwellers in that district were used to making a great noise on all occasions great and small, and they could by no means believe that it was natural to Axel to remain so calm at such a moment. "It is a great nuisance," Axel said more than once; but that also was hardly an adequate expression of feeling.

"They are well insured, I believe?" said Dellwig.

"Oh yes. I shall be able to have nice tight buildings in their place."

"They were certainly rather—rather dilapidated," said Dellwig, eyeing him.

"They were very dilapidated," said Axel.

Anna and the princess stood a little way from the engines watching the efforts to check the spread of the fire for some time before Axel noticed them. Manske, who had been the first to volunteer as a link in the human chain to the pump, bowed and smiled from his place at them, and was stared at in return by both women, who wondered who the begrimed and friendly individual could be. "It is the pastor," then said the princess, smiling back at him; on which Manske's smiles and bows redoubled, and he spilt half the contents of the bucket passing through his hands.

"So it is," said Anna.

"Take care, there, No. 3!" roared Dellwig, affecting not to know who No. 3 was, and glad of an opportunity of calling the parson to order. Dell-

wig was making so much noise flinging orders and reprimands about, that a stranger would certainly have taken him for the frantic owner of the burning property.

"You see the pastor looks anything but alarmed," said the princess. "If Axel were losing much by this, Manske would be weeping into his bucket instead of smiling so kindly at us."

"So he would," said Anna, a little reassured by that cheerful and grimy countenance. Her eyes wandered to Axel, so cool and so vigilant, giving the necessary orders so quietly, losing no precious moments in trying to save what was past saving, and without any noise or any abuse getting what he wanted done. "It *can't* be a good thing, a fire like this," she said to herself. "Whatever they say, it *can't* be a good thing."

A huge pine-tree was dragged down at that moment, dragged in a direction away from its fellows, against a beech whose branches it tore down in its fall, ruining the beech for ever, but smothering a few of its own twigs that had begun to burn among the fresh young leaves. Anna watched the havoc going on among poor Axel's trees in silence. "He *can't* not care," she said to herself. He turned round quickly at that moment, as though he heard her thinking of him, and looked straight into her

eyes. "You here!" he exclaimed, striding across the road to her at once.

"Yes, we are here," replied the princess. "We cannot let our neighbour burn without coming to see if we can do anything. But seriously, I hear that it is a good thing for you."

"I prefer the less good thing that I had before, just now. But it is gone. I shall not waste time fretting over it."

He ran back again to stop something that was being done wrong, but returned immediately to tell them to go into his house and not stand there in the heat. "You look so tired—and anxious," he said, his eyes searching Anna's face. "Why are you anxious? The fire has frightened you? It is all insured, I assure you, and there is only the bother of having to build just now."

He could not stay, and hurried back to his men.

"We can go indoors a moment," said the princess, "and see what is going on in his house. It will be standing empty and open, and it is not necessary that he should suffer losses from thieves as well as from fire. His Mamsell is like all bachelors' Mamsells—losing, I am sure, no opportunity of feathering her nest at his expense."

Anna thought this a practical way of helping Axel, since the throwing of water on the flames was

not required of her. She turned to call Letty, and found that no Letty was to be seen. "Why, where is Letty?" she asked, looking round.

"I thought she was behind us," said the princess.

"So did I," said Anna anxiously.

They went back a few steps looking for her among the bystanders. They saw her at last a long way off, her handkerchief still round her head and her long, thick hair blowing round her shoulders, rapt in contemplation of the fiery furnace. Then a shout went up from the people in the road, and they all ran back into the potato-field. Anna and the princess stood rooted to the spot, clutching each other's hands. Letty looked round when she heard the shout, and began to run too. The flaming outer wall of the yard swayed and tottered and then fell outwards with a terrific crash and crackling, filling the road with a smoking heap of rubbish, and sending a shower of sparks on a puff of wind after the flying spectators.

The princess had certainly not run so fast since her girlhood as she did with Anna towards the spot in the field where they had last seen Letty. A crowd had gathered round it, they could see, an excited, gesticulating crowd. But they found her apparently unhurt, sitting on the ground, surrounded by sympathisers, and with someone's coat over her head. She looked up, very pale, but smiling apolo-

getically at her aunt. "It's all gone," she said, pointing to her head.

"What is gone?" cried Anna, dropping on her knees beside her.

"*Ach Gott, die Haare—die herrlichen Haare!*" lamented a woman in the crowd. The smell of burnt hair explained what had happened.

Anna seized her in her arms. "You might have been killed—you might have been killed," she panted, rocking her to and fro. "Oh, Letty—who saved you?"

"Somebody put this beastly thing over my head—it smells of herrings. Sparks got into my hair, and it all frizzled up. Can't I take this off? It's out now—and off too."

The princess felt all over her head through the coat, patting and pressing it carefully; then she took the coat off, and restored it with effusive thanks to its sheepish owner. There was a murmur of sympathy from the women as Letty emerged, shorn of those flowing curls that were her only glory. "*Oh weh, die herrlichen Haare!*" sighed the women to one another, "*Oh weh, oh weh!*" But the handkerchief tied so tightly round her head had saved her from a worse fate; she had been an ugly little girl before—all that had happened was that she looked now like an ugly little boy.

"I say, Aunt Anna, don't mind," said Letty; for

her aunt was crying, and kissing her, and tying and untying the handkerchief, and arranging and rearranging it, and stroking and smoothing the singed irregular wisps of hair that were left as though she loved them. "I'm frightfully sorry—I didn't know you were so fond of my hair."

"Come, we'll go to the house," was all Anna said, stumbling onto her feet and putting her arm round Letty. And they clung to each other so close that they could hardly walk.

"We are going indoors a moment," called the princess, who was very pale, to Axel as they passed the engines.

He smiled across at her, and lifted his hat.

"I never saw anyone quite so composed," she observed to Anna, trying to turn her attention to other things. "Your man Dellwig, who has nothing to do with it all, is displaying the kind of behaviour the people expect on these occasions. I am sure that Axel has puzzled a great many people to-night."

Anna did not answer. She was thinking only of Letty. What a slender thread of chance had saved her from death, from a dreadful death, the little Letty who was under her care, for whom she was responsible, and whom she had quite forgotten in her stupid interest in Axel Lohm's affairs. Woman-like, she felt very angry with Axel. What did it

matter to her whether his place burnt to ashes or not? But Letty mattered to her, her own little niece, poor solitary Letty, practically motherless, so ugly, and so full of good intentions. She had scolded her so much about Klutz; wretched Klutz, it was entirely his fault that Letty had been so silly, and yet only Letty had had the scoldings. Anna held her closer. In the light of that narrow escape how trivial, how indifferent, all this folly of love-talk and messages and anger seemed. For a short space she touched the realities, she saw life and death in their true proportion; and even while she was looking at them with clear and startled vision they were blurred again into indistinctness, they faded away and were gone—rubbed out by the inevitable details of the passing hour.

“I thought as much,” said the princess as they drew near the house. “All the doors wide open and the place deserted.” And Anna came back with a start from the reality to the well-known dream of daily life, and immediately felt as though that other flash had been the dream, and only this were real.

The hall was in darkness, but there was light shining through the chinks of a door, and they groped their way towards it. The house was as quiet as death. They could hear the distant shouts of the men cutting down the trees in the garden, and

the blows of the axes. The princess pushed open the door behind which the light was, and they found themselves in Axel's study, where the candles he had lit in order to read Letty's poem were still guttering and flaring in the draught from the open window. A clock on the writing-table showed that it was past midnight. The room looked very untidy, and ill-cared for.

"A man without a wife," said the princess, gazing round at the litter, composed chiefly of cigar-ashes and old envelopes, "is a truly miserable being. What condition can be more wretched than to be at the mercy of a Mamsell? I shall go and inquire into the whereabouts of this one. Axel will want some food when he comes in."

She took up one of the candles and went out. Letty had sat down at once on the nearest chair, and was looking very pale. Anna untied the handkerchief, and tried to arrange what was left of her hair. "I must cut off these uneven ends," she said, "but there won't be any scissors here."

"I say," began Letty, staring very hard at her.

"I believe you were terribly scared, you poor little creature," said Anna, struck by her pale face, and passing her hand tenderly over the singed head.

"Oh, not much. A bit, of course. But it was soon over. Don't worry. What will mamma say to my head?" And Letty's mouth widened into a grin

at this thought. "I say," she began again, relapsing into solemnity.

"Well, what?" smiled Anna, sitting down on the same chair and putting her arm round her.

"You don't know the whole of that poetry business."

"That silly business with Herr Klutz? Oh, was there more of it? Oh, Letty, what did you *do* more? I am so tired of it, and of him, and of everything. Tell me, and then we'll forget it for ever."

"I'm afraid you won't forget it. I'm afraid I'm a bigger beast than you think, Aunt Anna," said Letty, with a conviction that frightened Anna.

"Oh, Letty," she said faintly, "what did you do?"

"Why, I—I *will* get it out—I—he was so miserable, and went on so when you didn't answer that poetry—that he sent with the heart, you know——"

"Oh yes, I know."

"Well, he was in such a state about it that I—that I made up a poem, just to comfort him, you know, and keep him quiet, and—and pretended it came from you." She threw back her head and looked up at her aunt. "There now, it's out," she said defiantly.

Anna was silent for a moment. "Was it—was it

very affectionate?" she asked under her breath. Then she slipped down onto the floor, and put both her arms round Letty. "Don't tell me," she cried, laying her face on Letty's knees, "I don't want to know. Suppose you had been dreadfully hurt just now, burnt, or—or dead, what would it have mattered? Oh, we will forget all that ridiculous nonsense, and only never, never be so silly again. Let us be happy together, and finish with Herr Klutz for ever—it was all so stupid, and so little worth while." And she put up her face, and they both began to cry and kiss each other through their tears. And so it came about that Letty was in the same hour relieved of the burden on her conscience, of most of her hair, and was taken once again, and with redoubled enthusiasm, into Anna's heart. Logic had never been Anna's strong point.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Axel came in two hours later, bringing Dellwig and Manske and two or three other helpers,—farmers, who had driven across the plain to do what they could,—he found his house lit up and food and drink set out ready in the dining-room.

Letty and Anna had had time to recover from their tears and vows, sundry small blisters on the back of Letty's neck had been treated with cotton wool, and they had emerged from their agitation to a calmer state in which the helping of the princess in the middle of the night to make somebody else's house comfortable was not without its joys. The Mamsell, no more able than the Kleinwalde servants to withstand the authority of the princess's name and eye, had collected the maids and worked with a will; and when, all danger of the fire spreading being over, Axel came in dirty and smoky and scorched, prepared to have to hunt himself in the dark house for the refreshment he could not but offer his helpers, he was agreeably surprised to find the lamp in the hall alight, and to be met by a wide-awake Mamsell in a clean apron who proposed to provide the gentle-

men with hot water. This was very attentive. Axel had never known her so thoughtful. The gentlemen, however, with one accord refused the hot water; they would drink a glass of wine, perhaps, as Herr von Lohm so kindly suggested, and then go to their homes and beds as quickly as possible. Manske, by far the grimmest, was also the most decided in his refusal; he was a godly man, but he did not love supererogatory washings, under which heading surely a washing at two o'clock in the morning came. Axel left them in the hall a moment, and went into his study to fetch cigars; and there he found Letty, hiding behind the door.

"You here, young lady?" he exclaimed surprised, stopping short.

"Don't let anyone see me," she whispered. "Princess Ludwig and Aunt Anna are in the dining-room. I ran in here when I heard people with you. My hair is all burnt off."

"What, you went too near?"

"Sparks came after me. Don't let them come in——"

"You were not hurt?"

"No. A little—on the back of my neck, but it's hardly anything."

"I am very glad your hair was burnt off," said Axel with great severity.

"So am I," was the hearty reply. "The tangles at night were something awful."

He stood silent for a moment, the cigar-boxes under his arm, uncertain whether he ought not to enlighten her as to the reprehensibility of her late conduct in regard to her aunt and Klutz. Evidently her conscience was cloudless; and yet she had done more harm than was quite calculable. Axel was fairly certain that Klutz had set fire to the stables. Absolutely certain he could not be, but the first blaze had occurred so nearly at the moment when Klutz must have reached them on his way home, that he had hardly a doubt about it. It was his duty as Amtsvorsteher to institute inquiries. If these inquiries ended in the arrest of Klutz, the whole silly story about Anna would come out, for Klutz would be only too eager to explain the reasons that had driven him to the act; and what an unspeakable joy for the province, and what a delicious excitement for Stralsund! He could only hope that Klutz was not the culprit, he could only hope it fervently with all his heart; for if he was, the child peeping out at him so cheerfully from behind the door had managed to make an amount of mischief and bring an amount of trouble on Anna that staggered him. Such a little nonsense, and such far-reaching consequences. He could not speak when he thought of it, and strode past her indignantly, and left the room without a word.

"Now what's the row with *him*?" Letty asked herself, her finger in her mouth; for Axel had looked at her as he passed with very grave and angry eyes.

The men waiting in the hall were slightly disconcerted, on being taken into the dining-room, to find the Kleinwalde ladies there. None of them, except Manske, liked ladies; and ladies in the small hours of the morning were a special weariness to the flesh. Dellwig, having made his two deep bows to them, looked meaningly at his friends the other farmers; Miss Estcourt's private engagement to Lohm seemed to be placed beyond a doubt by her presence in his house on this occasion.

"How delightful of you," said Axel to her in English.

"I am glad to hear," she replied stiffly in German, for she was still angry with him because of Letty's hair, "I am glad to hear that you will have no losses from this."

"Losses!" cried Manske. "On the contrary, it is the best thing that could happen—the very best thing. Those stables have long been almost unfit for use, Herr von Lohm, and I can say from my heart that I was glad to see them go. They were all to pieces even in your father's time."

"Yes, they ought to have been rebuilt long ago, but one has not always the money in one's pocket. Help yourself, my dear pastor."

"Who is the enemy?" broke in Dellwig's harsh voice.

"Ah, who indeed," said Manske, looking sad. "That is the melancholy side of the affair—that someone, presumably of my parish, should commit such a crime."

"He has done me a great service, anyhow," said Axel, filling the glasses.

"He has imperilled his immortal soul," said Manske.

"Have you such an enemy?" asked Anna, surprised.

"I did not know it. Most likely it was some poor, half-witted devil, or perhaps—perhaps a child."

"But I saw the blaze immediately after I passed you," said Dellwig. "You were within a stone's-throw of the stables, going home. I had hardly reached them when the fire broke out. Did you then see no one on the road?"

"No, I did not," said Axel shortly. There was an aggressive note in Dellwig's voice that made him fear he was going to be very zealous in helping to bring the delinquent to justice.

"It was the supper-hour," said Dellwig, musing, "and the men would all be indoors. Had you been to the stables, *gnädiger Herr?*"

"No, I had not. Take another glass of wine. A

cigar? Whoever it was, he has done me a good turn."

"Beyond all doubt he has," said Dellwig, his eyes fixed on Axel with an odd expression.

"Some of us would have no objection to the same thing happening at our places," remarked one of the farmers jocosely.

"No objection whatever," agreed another with a laugh.

"If the man could be trusted to display the same discrimination everywhere," said the third.

"Joke not about crime," said Manske, rebuking them.

"The discrimination was certainly remarkable," said Dellwig.

"That is why I think it must have been done by some person more or less imbecile," said Axel; "otherwise one of the good buildings, whose destruction would really have harmed me, would have been chosen."

"He must be hunted down, imbecile or not," said Dellwig.

"I shall do my duty," said Axel stiffly.

"You may rely on my help," said Dellwig.

"You are very good," said Axel.

Dellwig's voice had something ominous about it that made Anna shiver. What a detestable man he was, always and at all times. His whole manner to-

night struck her as specially offensive. "What **will** be done to the poor wretch when he is caught?" **she** asked Axel.

"He will be imprisoned," Dellwig answered promptly.

She turned her back on him. "Even though **he** is half-witted?" she said to Axel. "Are you obliged to look for him? Can't you leave him alone? **He** has done you a service, after all."

"I must look for him," said Axel; "it is **my** duty as Amtsvorsteher."

"And the gracious Miss should consider——" shouted Dellwig from behind.

"I'll consider nothing," said Anna, turning to him quickly.

"——should consider the demands of justice——"

"First the demands of humanity," said Anna, her back to him.

"Noble," murmured Manske.

"The gracious Miss's sentiments invariably do credit to her heart," said Dellwig, bowing profoundly.

"But not to her head, he thinks," said Anna to Axel in English, faintly smiling.

"Don't talk to him," Axel replied in a low voice; "the man so palpably hates us both. You must go home. Where is your carriage? Princess, take her home."

"Ach, Herr Dellwig, seien Sie so freundlich——" began the princess mellifluously; and despatched him in search of Fritz.

When they reached Kleinwalde, silent, worn-out, and only desiring to creep upstairs and into their beds, they were met by Frau von Treumann and the baroness, who both wore injured and disapproving faces. Letty slipped up to her room at once, afraid of criticisms of her hairlessness.

"We have waited for you all night, Anna," said Frau von Treumann in an aggrieved voice.

"You oughtn't to have," said Anna wearily.

"We could not suppose that you were really looking at the fire all this time," said the baroness.

"And we were anxious," said Frau von Treumann. "My dear, you should not make us anxious."

"You might have left word, or taken us with you," said the baroness.

"We are quite as much interested in Herr von Lohm as Letty or Princess Ludwig can be," said Frau von Treumann.

"Nobody could tell us here for certain whether you had really gone there or not."

"Nor could anybody give us any information as to the extent of the disaster."

"We presumed the princess was with you, but even that was not certain."

"My dear baroness," murmured the princess, untying her shawl, "only you would have had a doubt of it."

"The reflection in the sky faded hours ago," said Frau von Treumann.

"And yet you did not return," said the baroness. "Where did you go afterwards?"

"Oh, I'll tell you everything to-morrow. Good-night," said Anna, candle in hand.

"What! Now that we have waited, and in such anxiety, you will tell us nothing?"

"There really is nothing to tell. And I am so tired—good-night."

"We have kept the servants up and the kettle boiling in case you should want coffee."

"That was very kind, but I only want bed. Good-night."

"We too were weary, but you see we have waited in spite of it."

"Oh, you shouldn't have. You will be so tired. Good-night."

She went upstairs, pulling herself up each step by the baluster. The clock and the landing struck half-past three. Was it not Napoleon, she thought, who said something to the point about three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage? Had no one ever said anything to the point about three-o'clock-in-the-morning love for one's fellow-creatures? "Good-night," she

said once more, turning her head and nodding wearily to them as they watched her from below with indignant faces.

She glanced at the clock, and went into her room dejectedly; for she had made a startling discovery: at three o'clock in the morning her feeling towards the Chosen was one of indifference verging on dislike.

CHAPTER XI.

LOOKING up from her breakfast the morning after the fire to see who it was riding down the street, Frau Manske beheld Dellwig coming towards her garden gate. Her husband was in his dressing-gown and slippers, a costume he affected early in the day, and they were taking their coffee this fine weather at a table in their roomy porch. There was, therefore, no possibility of hiding the dressing-gown, nor yet the fact that her cap was not as fresh as a cap on which the great Dellwig's eyes were to rest should be. She knew that Dellwig was not a star of the first magnitude like Herr von Lohm, but he was a very magnificent specimen of those of the second order, and she thought him much more imposing than Axel, whose quiet ways she had never understood. Dellwig snubbed her so systematically and so brutally that she could not but respect and admire him: she was one of those women who enjoy kissing the rod. In a great flutter she hurried to the gate to open it for him, receiving in return neither thanks nor greeting. "Good-morning, good-morning," she

said, bowing repeatedly. "A fine morning, Herr Dellwig."

"Where's Klutz?" he asked curtly, neither getting off his horse nor taking off his hat.

"Oh, the poor young man, Herr Dellwig!" she began with uplifted hands. "He has had a letter from home, and is much upset. His father——"

"Where is he?"

"His father? In bed, and not expected to——"

"Where's Klutz, I say—young Klutz? Herr Manske, just step down here a minute—good-morning. I want to see your vicar."

"My vicar has had bad news from home, and is gone."

"Gone?"

"This very morning. Poor fellow, his aged father——"

"I don't care a curse for his aged father. What train?"

"The half-past nine train. He went in the post-cart at seven."

Dellwig jerked his horse round, and without a word rode away in the direction of Stralsund. "I'll catch him yet," he thought; and rode as hard as he could.

"What can he want with the vicar?" wondered Frau Manske.

"A rough manner, but I doubt not a good

heart," said her husband, sighing; and he folded his flapping dressing-gown pensively about his legs.

Klutz was on the platform waiting for the Berlin train, due in five minutes, when Dellwig came up behind and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What! Are you going to jump out of your skin?" Dellwig inquired with a burst of laughter.

Klutz stared at him speechlessly after that first start, waiting for what would follow. His face was ghastly.

"Father so bad, eh?" said Dellwig heartily. "Nerves all gone, what? Well, it's enough to make a boy look pale to have his father on his last——"

"What do you *want*?" whispered Klutz with pale lips. Several persons who knew Dellwig were on the platform, and were staring.

"Why," said Dellwig, sinking his voice a little, "you have heard of the fire—I did not see you helping, by the way? You were with Herr von Lohm last night—don't look so frightened, man—if I did not know about your father I'd think there was something on your mind. I only want to ask you—there is a strange rumour going about——"

"I am going home—*home*, do you hear?" said Klutz wildly.

"Certainly you are. No one wants to stop you. Who do you think they say set fire to the stables?"

Klutz looked as though he would faint.

"They say Lohm did it himself," said Dellwig in a low voice, his eyes fixed on the young man's face.

Klutz's ears burnt suddenly bright red. He looked down, looked up, looked over his shoulder in the direction from whence the train would come. Small cold beads of agitation stood out on his narrow forehead.

"The point is," said Dellwig, who had not missed a movement of that twitching face, "that you must have been with Lohm nearly till the time when—you went straight to him after leaving us?"

Klutz bowed his head.

"Then you couldn't have left him long before it broke out. I met him myself between the stables and his gate five minutes—two minutes—before the fire. He went past without a word, in a great hurry, as though he hoped I had not recognised him. Now tell me what you know about it. Just tell me if you saw anything. It is to both our interests to cut his claws."

Klutz pressed his hands together, and looked round again for the train.

"Do you know what will certainly happen if you try to be generous and shield him? He'll say *you* did it, and so get rid of you and hush up the affair with Miss Estcourt. I can see by your face

you know who did it. Everyone is saying it is Lohm."

"But why? Why should he? Why should he burn his own——" stammered Klutz, in dreadful agitation.

"Why? Because they were in ruins, and well insured. Because he had no money for new ones; and because now the insurance company will give him the money. The thing is so plain—I am so convinced that he did it——"

They heard the train coming. Klutz stooped down quickly and clutched his bag. "No, no," said Dellwig, catching his arm and gripping it tight, "I shall not let you go till you say what you know. You or Lohm to be punished—which do you prefer?"

Klutz gave Dellwig a despairing, hunted look. "He—he——" he began, struggling to get the words over his dry lips.

"He did it? You know it? You saw it?"

"Yes, yes, I saw it—I saw him——"

Klutz burst into a wild fit of sobbing.

"*Armer Junge*," cried Dellwig very loud, patting his back very hard. "It is indeed terrible—one's father so ill—on his death-bed—and such a long journey of suspense before you——" And sympathising at the top of his voice he looked for an empty compartment, hustled him into it, pushing him

up the high steps and throwing his bag in after him, and then stood talking loudly of sick fathers till the last moment. "I trust you will find the *Herr Papa* better than you expect," he shouted after the moving train. "Don't give way—don't give way. That is our vicar," he explained to an acquaintance who was standing near; "an only son, and he has just heard that his father is dying. He is overwhelmed, poor devil, with grief."

To his wife on his arrival home he said, "My dear Theresa,"—a mode of address only used on the rare occasions of supremest satisfaction—"my dear Theresa, you may set your mind at rest about our friend Lohm. The Miss will never marry him, and he himself will not trouble us much longer." And they had a short conversation in private, and later on at dinner they opened a bottle of champagne, and explaining to the servant that it was an aunt's birthday, drank the aunt's health over and over again, and were merrier than they had been for years.

CHAPTER XII.

It was an odd and a nearly invariable consequence of Anna's cold morning bath that she made resolutions in great numbers. The morning after the fire there were more of them than ever. In a glow she assured herself that she was not going to allow dejection and discouragement to take possession of her so easily; that she would not, in future, be so much the slave of her bodily condition, growing selfish, indifferent, unkind, in proportion as she grew tired. What, she asked, tying her waist-ribbon with great vigour, was the use of having a soul and its longings after perfection if it was so absolutely the slave of its encasing body, if it only received permission from the body to flutter its wings a little in those rare moments when its master was completely comfortable and completely satisfied? She was ashamed of herself for being so easily affected by the heat and stress of the days with the Chosen. How was it that her ideals were crushed out of sight continually by the mere weight of the details of everyday existence? She would keep them more carefully in view, pursue them with a more unfaltering patience—in a word,

she was going to be wise. Life was such a little thing, she reflected—so very quickly done; how foolish, then, to forget so constantly that everything that vexed her and made her sorry was flying past and away even while it grieved her, dwindling in the distance with every hour, and never coming back. What she had done and suffered last year, how indifferent—of what infinitely little importance—it was now; and yet she had been very strenuous about it at the time, inclined to resist and struggle, taking it overmuch to heart, acting as though it were always going to be there. Oh, she would be wise in future, enjoying all there was to enjoy, loving all there was to love, and shutting her eyes to the rest. She would not, for instance, expect more from her Chosen than they, being as they were, could give. Obviously they could not give her more than they possessed, either of love, or comprehension, or charitableness, or anything else that was precious; and it was because she looked for more that she was for ever feeling disappointed. She would take them as they were, being happy in what they did give her, and ignoring what was less excellent. She herself was irritating, she was sure, and often she saw did produce an irritating effect on the Chosen. Of sundry minor failings—so minor that she was ashamed of having noticed them, but which had yet gone much towards making the days difficult—she tried not to think. Indeed, they

could hardly be made the subject of resolutions at all, they were so very trivial. They included a habit Frau von Treumann had of shutting every window and door that stood open, whatever the weather was, and however pointedly the others gasped for air; the exceedingly odd behaviour, forced upon her notice four times a day, of Fräulein Kuhräuber at table; and an insatiable curiosity displayed by the baroness in regard to other people's correspondence and servants—every postcard she read, every envelope she examined, every telegram, for some always plausible reason, she thought it her duty to open; and her interest in the doings of the maids was unquenchable. "These are little ways," thought Anna, "that don't matter." And she thought it impatiently, for the little ways persisted in obtruding themselves on her remembrance in the middle of her fine plans of future wisdom. "If we could all get outside our bodies, even for one day, and simply go about in our souls, how nice it would be!" she sighed; but meanwhile the souls of the Chosen were still enveloped in aggressive bodies that continued to shut windows, open telegrams, and convey food into their mouths on knives.

The one belonging to Frau von Treumann was at that moment engaged in writing with feverish haste to Karlchen, bidding him lose no time in coming, for mischief was afoot, and Anna was showing

an alarming interest in the affairs of that specious hypocrite Lohm. "Come unexpectedly," she wrote; "it will be better to take her by surprise; and above all things come at once."

She gave the letter herself to the postman, and then, having nothing to do but needlework that need not be done, and feeling out of sorts after the long night's watch, and uneasy about Axel Lohm's evident attraction for Anna, she went into the drawing-room and spent the morning elaborately differing from the baroness.

They differed often; it could hardly be called quarrelling, but there was a continual fire kept up between them of remarks that did not make for peace. Over their needlework they addressed those observations to each other that were most calculated to annoy. Frau von Treumann would boast of her ancestral home at Kadenstein, its magnificence, and the style in which, with a superb disregard for expense, her brother kept it up, well knowing that the baroness had had no home more ancestral than a flat in a provincial town; and the baroness would retort by relating, as an instance of the grievous slanderousness of so-called friends, a palpably malicious story she had heard of manure heaps before the ancestral door, and of unprevented poultry in the *Schloss* itself. Once, stirred beyond the bounds of prudence enjoined by Karlchen, Frau von Treumann had begun

to sympathise with the Elmreich family's misfortune in including a member like Lolli; but had been so much frightened by her victim's immediate and dreadful pallor that she had turned it off, deciding to leave the revelation of her full knowledge of Lolli to Karlchen.

The only occasions on which they agreed were when together they attacked Fräulein Kuhräuber; and more than once already that hapless young woman had gone away to cry. Anna's thoughts had been filled lately by other things, and she had not paid much attention to what was being talked about; but yet it seemed to her that Frau von Treumann and the baroness had discovered a subject on which Fräulein Kuhräuber was abnormally sensitive and secretive, and that again and again when they were tired of sparring together they returned to this subject, always in amiable tones and with pleasant looks, and always reducing the poor Fräulein to a pitiable state of confusion; which state being reached, and she gone out to hide her misery in her bedroom, they would look at each other and smile.

In all that concerned Fräulein Kuhräuber they were in perfect accord, and absolutely pitiless. It troubled Anna, for the Fräulein was the one member of the trio who was really happy—so long, that is, as the others left her alone. Invigorated by her cold tub into a belief in the possibility of peace-making,

she made one more resolution: to establish without delay concord between the three. It was so clearly to their own advantage to live together in harmony; surely a calm talking-to would make them see that, and desire it. They were not children, neither were they, presumably, more unreasonable than other people; nor could they, she thought, having suffered so much themselves, be intentionally unkind. That very day she would make things straight.

She could not of course dream that the periodical putting to confusion of Fräulein Kuhräuber was the one thing that kept the other two alive. They found life in Kleinwalde terribly dull. There were no neighbours, and they did not like forests. The princess hardly showed herself; Anna was English, besides being more or less of a lunatic,—the combination, when you came to think of it, was alarming,—and they soon wearied of pouring into each other's highly sceptical ears descriptions of the splendours of their prosperous days. The visits of the parson had at first been a welcome change, for they were both religious women who loved to impress a new listener with the amount of their faith and resignation; but when they knew him a little better, and had said the same things several times, and found that as soon as they paused he began to expatiate on the advantages and joys of their present mode of life with Miss Estcourt, of which no one had been talking, they were bored,

and left off being pleased to see him, and fell back for amusement on their own bickerings, and the probing of Fräulein Kuhräuber's tender places.

About midday Anna, who had been writing German letters all the morning, helped by the princess,—letters of inquiry concerning a new teacher for Letty,—came round by the path outside the drawing-room window looking for the Chosen, and prepared to talk to them of concord. The window was shut, and she knocked on the pane, trying to see into the shady room. It was a broiling day, and she had no hat; therefore she knocked again, and held her hands above her head, for the sun was intolerable. She wore one of her last summer's dresses, a lilac muslin that in spite of its age seemed in Kleinwalde to be quite absurdly pretty. She herself looked prettier than ever out there in the light, the sun beating down on her burnished hair.

"Anna wants to come in," said Frau von Treumann, looking up from her embroidery at the figure in the sun.

"I suppose she does," said the baroness tranquilly.

Neither of them moved.

Anna knocked again.

"She will be sunstruck," observed Frau von Treumann.

"I think she will," agreed the baroness.

Neither of them moved.

Anna stooped down, and tried to look into the room, but could see nothing. She knocked again; waited a moment; and then went away.

The two ladies embroidered in silence.

"Absurd old maid," Frau von Treumann thought, glancing at the baroness. "As though a married woman of my age and standing could get up and open windows when she is in the room."

"Ridiculous old Treumann," thought the baroness, outwardly engrossed by her work. "What does she think, I wonder? I shall teach her that I am as good as herself, and am not here to open windows any more than she is."

"Why, you *are* here," said Anna surprised, coming in at the door.

"Where have you been all the morning?" inquired Frau von Treumann amiably. "We hardly ever see you, dear Anna. I hope you have come now to sit with us a little while. Come, sit next to me, and let us have a nice chat."

She made room for her on the sofa.

"Where is Emilie?" Anna asked; Emilie was Fräulein Kuhräuber, and Anna was the only person in the house who called her so.

"She came in some time ago, but went away at once. She does not, I fear, feel at ease with us."

"That is exactly what I want to talk about," said Anna.

"Is it? Why, how strange. Last night, while we were waiting for you, the baroness and I had a serious conversation about Fräulein Kuhräuber, and we decided to tell you what conclusions we came to on the first opportunity."

"Certainly," said the baroness.

"It is surprising that Princess Ludwig should not have opened your eyes."

"It is truly surprising," said the baroness.

"But they are open. And they have seen that you are not very—not quite—well, not *very* kind to poor Emilie. Don't you like her?"

"My dear Anna, we have found it quite impossible to like Fräulein Kuhräuber."

"Or even endure her," amended the baroness.

"And yet I never saw a kinder, more absolutely amiable creature," said Anna.

"You are deceived in her," said Frau von Treumann.

"We have found out that she is here under false pretences," said the baroness.

"Which," said Frau von Treumann, unable to forbear glancing at the baroness, "is a very dreadful thing."

"Certainly," agreed the baroness.

Anna looked from one to the other. "Well?"

she said, as they did not go on. Then the thought of her peace-making errand came into her mind, and her certainty that she only needed to talk quietly to these two in order to convince. "What do you think I came in to say to you?" she said, with a low laugh in which there was no mirth. "I was going to propose that you should both begin now to love Emilie. You have made her cry so often—I have seen her coming out of this room so often with red eyes—that I was sure you must be tired of that now, and would like to begin to live happily with her, loving her for all that is so good in her, and not minding the rest."

"My dear Anna," said Frau von Treumann testily, "it is out of the question that ladies of birth and breeding should tolerate her."

"Certainly it is," emphatically agreed the baroness.

"And why? Isn't she a woman like ourselves? Wasn't she poor and miserable too? And won't she go to heaven by-and-by, just as we, I hope, shall?"

They thought this profane.

"We shall all, I trust, meet in heaven," said Frau von Treumann gently. Then she went on, clearing her throat, "But meanwhile we think it our duty to ask you if you know what her father was."

"He was a man of letters," said Anna, remember-

ing the very words of Fräulein Kuhräuber's reply to her inquiries.

"Exactly. But of what letters?"

"She tried to give us that same answer," said the baroness.

"Of what letters?" repeated Anna, looking puzzled.

"He carried all the letters he ever had in a bag," said Frau von Treumann.

"In a bag?"

"In a word, dear child, he was a postman, and she has told you untruths."

There was a silence. Anna pushed at a neighbouring footstool with the toe of her shoe. "It is not pretty," she said after awhile, her eyes on the footstool, "to tell untruths."

"Certainly it is not," agreed the baroness.

"Especially in this case," said Frau von Treumann.

"Yes, especially in this case," said Anna, looking up.

"We thought you could not know the truth, and felt certain you would be shocked. Now you will understand how impossible it is for ladies of family to associate with such a person, and we are sure that you will not ask us to do so, but will send her away."

"No," said Anna, in a low voice.

"No what, dear child?" inquired Frau von Treumann sweetly.

"I cannot send her away."

"You cannot send her away?" they cried together. Both let their work drop into their laps, and both stared blankly at Anna, who looked at the footstool.

"Have you made a lifelong contract with her?" asked Frau von Treumann, with great heat, no such contract having been made in her own case.

"I did not quite say what I mean," said Anna, looking up again. "I do not mean that I cannot really send her away, for of course I can if I choose. Exactly what I mean is that I will not."

There was a pause. Neither of the ladies had expected such an attitude.

"This is very serious," then observed Frau von Treumann helplessly. She took up her work again and pulled at the stitches, making knots in the thread. Both she and the baroness had felt so certain that Anna would be properly incensed when she heard the truth. Her manner without doubt suggested displeasure, but the displeasure, strangely enough, seemed to be directed against themselves instead of Fräulein Kuhräuber. What could they, with dignity, do next? Frau von Treumann felt angry and perplexed. She remembered Karlchen's advice in regard to ultimatums, and wished she had remembered

it sooner; but who could have imagined the extent of Anna's folly? Never, she reflected, had she met anyone quite so foolish.

"It is a case for the police," burst out the baroness passionately, all the pride of all the Elmreichs surging up in revolt against a fate threatening to condemn her to spend the rest of her days with the progeny of a postman. "Your advertisement specially mentioned good birth as essential, and she is here under false pretences. You have the proofs in her letters. She is within reach of the arm of the law."

Anna could not help smiling. "Don't denounce her," she said. "I should be appalled if anything approaching the arm of the law got into my house. I'll burn the proofs after dinner." Then she turned to Frau von Treumann. "If you think it over," she said, "I *know* you will not wish me to be so merciless, so pitiless, as to send Emilie back to misery only because her father, who has been dead thirty years, was a postman."

"But, Anna, you must be reasonable—you must look at the other side. No Treumann has ever yet been required to associate——"

"But if he was a good man? If he did his work honestly, and said his prayers, and behaved himself? We have no reason for doubting that he was a most

excellent postman," she went on, a twinkle in her eye; "punctual, diligent, and altogether praiseworthy."

"Then you object to nothing?" cried the baroness with extraordinary bitterness. "You draw the line nowhere? All the traditions and prejudices of gentlefolk are supremely indifferent to you?"

"Oh, I object to a great many things. I would have liked it better if the postman had really been the literary luminary poor Emilie said he was—for her sake, and my sake, and your sakes. And I don't like untruths, and never shall. But I do like Emilie, and I forgive it all."

"Then she is to remain here?"

"Yes, as long as she wants to. And do, *do* try to see how good she is, and how much there is to love in her. You have done her a real service," Anna added, smiling, "for now she won't have it on her mind any more, and will be able to be really happy."

The baroness gathered up her work and rose. Frau von Treumann looked at her nervously, and rose too.

"Then——" began the baroness, pale with outraged pride and propriety.

"Then really——" began Frau von Treumann more faintly, but feeling bound in this matter to follow her example. After all, they could always

allow themselves to be persuaded to change their minds again.

Anna got up too, and they stood facing each other. Something awful was going to happen, she felt, but what? Were they, she wondered, both going to give her notice?

The baroness, drawn up to her full height, looked at her, opened her lips to complete her sentence, and shut them again. She was exceedingly agitated, and held her little thin, claw-like hands tightly together to hide how they were shaking. All she had left in the world was the pride of being an Elmreich and a baroness; and as, with the relentless years, she had grown poorer, plainer, more insignificant, so had this pride increased and strengthened, until, together with her passionate propriety and horror of everything in the least doubtful in the way of reputations, it had come to be the very mainspring of her being. "Then——" she began again, with a great effort; for she remembered how there had actually been no food sometimes when she was hungry, and no fire when she was cold, and no doctor when she was sick, and how severe weather had seemed to set in invariably at those times when she had least money, making her first so much hungrier than usual, and afterwards so much more sick, as though nature itself owed her a grudge.

"Oh, these ultimatums!" inwardly deplored Frau

von Treumann; the baroness was very absurd, she thought, to take the thing so tragically.

And at that instant the door was thrown open, and without waiting to be announced, Karlchen, resplendent in his hussar uniform, and beaming from ear to ear, hastened, clanking, into the room.

"Karlchen! *Du engelsguter Junge!*" shrieked his mother, in accents of supremest relief and joy.

"I could not stay away longer," cried Karlchen, returning her embrace with vigour, "I felt impelled to come. I obtained leave after many prayers. It is for a few hours only. I return to-night. You forgive me?" he added, turning to Anna and bowing over her hand.

"Yes," she said, smiling; Karlchen had come this time, she felt, exactly at the right moment.

"I wrote this very morning——" began his mother in her excitement; but she stopped in time, and covered her confusion by once again folding him in her arms.

Karlchen was so much delighted by this unexpectedly cordial reception that he lost his head a little. Anna stood smiling at him as she had not done once last time. Yes, there were the dimples—oh, sweet vision!—they were, indeed, glorious dimples. He seized her hand a second time and kissed it. The pretty hand—so delicate and slender. And the dress—Karlchen had an eye for dress—how dainty

it was! "Your kind welcome quite overcomes me," he said enthusiastically; and he looked so gay, and so intensely satisfied with himself and the whole world, that Anna laughed again. Besides, the uniform was really surprisingly becoming; his civilian clothes on his first visit had been melancholy examples of what a military tailor cannot do.

"Ah, baroness," said Karlchen, catching sight of the small, silent figure. He brought his heels together, bowed, and crossing over to her shook hands. "I have come laden with greetings for you," he said.

"Greetings?" repeated the baroness, surprised. Then an odd look of fear came into her eyes.

He had not meant to do it then; he had not been certain whether he would do it this time at all; but he was feeling so exhilarated, so buoyant, that he could not resist. "I was at the Wintergarten last night," he said, "and had a talk with your sister, Baroness Lolli. She dances better than ever. She sends you her love, and says she is coming down to see you."

The baroness made a queer little sound, shut her eyes, spread out her hands, and dropped onto the carpet as though she had been shot.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Is Herr von Treumann gone?"

It was late the same afternoon, and Princess Ludwig had come into the bedroom where the Stralsund doctor was still vainly endeavouring to bring the baroness back to life, to ask Anna whether she would see Axel Lohm, who was waiting downstairs and hoped to be allowed to speak to her. "But is Herr von Treumann gone?" inquired Anna; and would not move till she was sure of that.

"Yes, and his mother has gone with him to the station."

Anna had not left the baroness's side since the catastrophe. She could not see the unconscious face on the pillow for tears. Was there ever such barbarous, such gratuitous cruelty as young Treumann's? His mother had been in once or twice on tiptoe, the last time to tell Anna that he was leaving, and would she not come down so that he might explain how sorry he was for having unwittingly done so much mischief? But Anna had merely shaken her head and turned again to the piteous little figure on the

bed. Never again, she told herself, would she see or speak to Karlchen.

The movement with which she turned away was expressive; and Frau von Treumann went out and heaped bitter reproaches on Karlchen, driving with him to Stralsund in order to have ample time to heap all that were in her mind, and doing it the more thoroughly that he was in a crushed condition and altogether incapable of defending himself. For what had he really cared about the baroness's relationship to Lolli? He had thought it a huge joke, and had looked forward with enjoyment to seeing Anna promptly order her out of the house. How could he, thick of skin and slow of brain, have foreseen such a crisis? He was very much in love with Anna, and shivered when he thought of the look she had given him as she followed the people who were carrying the baroness out of the room. Certainly he was exceedingly wretched, and his mother could not reproach him more bitterly than he reproached himself. While she was vehemently pointing out the obvious, he meditated sadly on the length of the journey he had taken for worse than nothing. All the morning he had been roasted in trains, and he was about to be roasted again for a dreary succession of hours. His hot uniform, put on solely for Anna's bedazzlement, added enormously to his torments; and the distance between Rislar

and Stralsund was great, and the journey proportionately expensive—much too expensive, if all you got for it was one intoxicating glimpse of dimples, followed by a flashing look of wrath that made you feel cold with the thermometer at ninety. He had not felt so dejected since the eighties, he reflected, in which dark ages he had been forced to fight a duel. Karlchen had a prejudice against duelling; he thought it foolish. But, being an officer—he was at that time a conspicuously gay lieutenant—whatever he might think about it, if anyone wanted to fight him he must, or drop into the awful ranks of Unknowables. He had made a joke of a personal nature, and the other man turned out to have no sense of humour, and took it seriously, and expressed a desire for Karlchen's blood. Driving with his justly incensed mother through the dust and heat to the station, he remembered the dismal night he had passed before the duel, and thought how much his dejection then had resembled in its profundity his dejection now; for he had been afraid he was going to be hurt, and whatever people may say about courage nobody really likes being hurt. Well, perhaps after all, this business with Anna would turn out all right, just as that business had turned out all right; for he had killed his man, and, instead of wounds, had been covered with glory. Thus Karlchen

endeavoured to snatch comfort as he drove, but yet his heart was very heavy.

"I hope," said his mother bitingly when he was in the train, patiently waiting to be taken beyond the sound of her voice,— "I do hope that you are ashamed of yourself. It is a bitter feeling, I can tell you, the feeling that one is the mother of a fool."

To which Karlchen, still dazed, replied by unhooking his collar, wiping his face, and appealing with a heartrending plaintiveness to a passing beer-boy to give him, *um Gottes Willen*, beer.

Axel was in the drawing-room, where the remains of Karlchen's valedictory coffee and cakes were littered on a table, when Anna came down. "I am so sorry for you," he said. "Princess Ludwig has been telling me what has happened."

"Don't be sorry for me. Nothing is the matter with me. Be sorry for that most unfortunate little soul upstairs."

Axel kissed Anna's right hand, which was, she knew, the custom; and immediately proceeded to kiss her other hand, which was not the custom at all. She was looking woebegone, with red eyelids and white cheeks; but a faint colour came into her face at this, for he did it with such unmistakable devotion that for the first time she wondered uneasily whether

their pleasant friendship were not about to come to an end.

"Don't be too kind," she said, drawing her hands away and trying to smile. "I—I feel so stupid to-day, and want to cry dreadfully."

"Well then, I should do it, and get it over."

"I did do it, but I haven't got it over."

"Well, don't think of it. How is the baroness?"

"Just the same. The doctor thinks it serious. And she has no constitution. She has not had enough of anything for years—not enough food, or clothes, or—or anything."

She went quickly across to the coffee-table to hide how much she wanted to cry. "Have some coffee," she said with her back to him, moving the cups aimlessly about.

"Don't forget," said Axel, "that the poor lady's past misery is over now and done with. Think what luck has come in her way at last. When she gets over this, here she is, safe with you, surrounded by love and care and tenderness—blessings not given to all of us."

"But she doesn't like love and care and tenderness. At least, if it comes from me. She dislikes me."

Axel could not exclaim in surprise, for he was not surprised. The baroness had appeared to him to be so hopelessly sour; and how, he thought, shall

the hopelessly sour love the preternaturally sweet? He looked therefore at Anna arranging the cups with restless, nervous fingers, and waited for more.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, still with her back to him.

"Say what?"

"That when she gets over this she will have all those nice things surrounding her. You told me when first she came, that if she really were the poor dancing woman's sister I ought on no account to keep her here. Don't you remember?"

"Quite well. But am I not right in supposing that you *will* keep her? You see, I know you better now than I did then."

"If she liked being here—if it made her happy—I would keep her in defiance of the whole world."

"But as it is——?"

She came to him with a cup of cold coffee in her hands. He took it, and stirred it mechanically.

"As it is," she said, "she is very ill, and has to get well again before we begin to decide things. Perhaps," she added, looking up at him wistfully, "this illness will change her?"

He shook his head. "I am afraid it won't," he said. "For a little while, perhaps—for a few weeks at first while she still remembers your nursing, and then—why, the old self over again."

He put the untasted coffee down on the nearest

table. "There is no getting away," he said, coming back to her, "from one's old self. That is why this work you have undertaken is so hopeless."

"Hopeless?" she exclaimed in a startled voice. He was saying aloud what she had more than once almost—never quite—whispered in her heart of hearts.

"You ought to have begun with the baroness thirty years ago, to have had a chance of success."

"Why, she was five years old then, and I am sure quite cheerful. And I wasn't there at all."

"Five ought really to be the average age of the Chosen. What is the use of picking out unhappy persons well on in life, and thinking you are going to make them happy? How can you *make* them be happy? If it had been possible to their natures they would have been so long ago, however poor they were. And they would not have been so poor or so unhappy if they had been willing to work. Work is such an admirable tonic. The princess works, and finds life very tolerable. You will never succeed with people like Frau von Treumann and the baroness. They belong to a class of persons that will grumble even in heaven. You could easily make those who are happy already still happier, for it is in them—the gratitude and appreciation for life and its blessings; but those of course are not the people you

want to get at. You think I am preaching?" he asked abruptly.

"But are you not?"

"It is because I cannot stand by and watch you bruising yourself."

"Oh," said Anna, "you are a man, and can fight your way well enough through life. You are quite comfortable and prosperous. How can you sympathise with women like Else? Because she is not young you haven't a feeling for her—only indifference. You talk of my bruising myself—you don't mind her bruises. And if I were forty, how sure I am that you wouldn't mind mine."

"Yes, I would," said Axel, with such conviction that she added quickly, "Well—I don't want to talk about bruises."

"I hope the baroness will soon get over the cruel ones that singularly brutal young man has inflicted. You agree with me that he *is* a singularly brutal young man?"

"Absolutely."

"And I hope that when she is well again you will make her as happy as she is capable of being."

"If I knew how!"

"Why, by letting her go away, and giving her enough to live on decently by herself. It would be quite the best course to take, both for you and for her."

Anna looked down. "I have been thinking the same thing," she said in a low voice; she felt as though she were hauling down her flag.

"Perhaps you will let me help."

"Help?"

"Let me contribute. Why may I not be charitable too? If we join together it will be to her advantage. She need not know. And you are not a millionaire."

"Nor are you," said Anna, smiling up at him.

"We unfortunates who live by our potatoes are never millionaires. But still we can be charitable."

"But why should *you* help the baroness? I found her out, and brought her here, and I am the only person responsible for her."

"It will be much more costly than just having her here."

"I don't mind, if only she is happy. And I will not have you pay the cost of my experiments in philanthropy."

"Is Frau von Treumann happy?" he asked abruptly.

"No," said Anna, with a faint smile.

"Is Fräulein Kuhräuber happy?"

"No."

"Tell me one thing more," he said; "are *you* happy?"

Anna blushed. "That is a queer question," she said. "Why should I not be happy?"

"But are you?"

She looked at him, hesitating. Then she said, in a very small voice, "No."

Axel took two or three turns up and down the room. "I knew it," he said; and added something in German under his breath about *Weiber*. "After this, you will not, I suppose, receive young Treumann again?" he asked, coming to a halt in front of her.

"Never again."

"You have a difficult time before you, then, with his mother."

Anna blushed. "I am afraid I have," she admitted.

"You have a very difficult few weeks before you," he said. "The baroness probably dangerously ill, and Frau von Treumann very angry with you. I know Princess Ludwig does all she can, but still you are alone—against odds."

The odds, too, were greater than she knew. All day he had been officially engaged in making inquiries into the origin of the fire the night before, and every circumstance pointed to Klutz as the culprit. He had sent for Klutz, and Klutz, they said, had gone home. Then he sent a telegram after him, and his father replied that he was neither expecting his son nor was he ill. Klutz, then, had disappeared

in order to avoid the consequences of what he had done; but it was only a question of days before the police brought him back again, and then he would tell the whole absurd story, and Pomerania would chuckle at Anna's expense. The thought of this chuckling made Axel cold with rage.

He stood looking out of the window at the parched garden, the drooping lilac-bushes, the hazy island across the water. The wind had dropped, and a grey film had drawn across the sky. At the bottom of the garden, under a chestnut-tree, Miss Leech was sewing, while Letty read aloud to her. The monotonous drone of Letty's reading, interrupted by her loud complaints each time a mosquito stung her, reached Axel's ears as he stood there in silence. A grim struggle was going on within him. He loved Anna with a passion that would no longer be hidden; and he knew that he must somehow hide it. He was so certain that she did not care about him. He was so certain that she would never dream of marrying him. And yet if ever a woman needed the protection of an all-enfolding love it was Anna at that moment. "That child down there has made a pretty fair amount of mischief for a person of her age," he burst out with a vehemence that startled Anna.

"What child?" she said, coming up behind him and looking over his shoulder.

He turned round quickly. The feeling that she was so close to him tore away the last shred of his self-control. "You know that I love you," he said, his voice shaking with passion.

Her face in an instant was colourless. She stood quite still, almost touching him, as though she did not dare move. Her eyes were fixed on his with a frightened, fascinated look.

"You know it. You have known it a long time. Now what are you going to say to me?"

She looked at him without speaking or moving.

"Anna, what are you going to say to me?" he cried; and he caught up her hands and kissed them one after the other, hardly knowing what he did, beside himself with love of her.

She watched him helplessly. She felt faint and sick. She had had a miserable day, and was completely overwhelmed by this last misfortune. Her good friend Axel was gone—gone for ever. The pleasant friendship was done. In place of the friend she so much needed, of the friendship she had found so comforting, there was—this.

"Won't you—won't you let my hands go?" she said faintly. She did not know him again. Was it possible that this agony of love was for her? She knew herself so well—she knew so well what it was for which he was evidently going to break his heart. How wonderful, how pitiful beyond expression, that

a good man like Axel should suffer anything because of her. And even in the midst of her fright and misery the thought would not be put from her that if she had happened to look like the baroness or Fräulein Kuhräuber, while inwardly remaining exactly as she was, he would not have broken his heart for her. "Oh, let me go——" she whispered; and turned her head aside, and shut her eyes, unable to look any longer at the love and despair in his.

"But what are you going to say to me?"

"Oh, you know—you know——"

"But you are so sorry always for people who suffer——"

"Oh, stop—oh, stop!"

"No, I won't stop; here have I been condemned to look on at you lavishing love on people who don't want it, don't like it, are wearied by it—who don't know how precious it is, how priceless it is, and how I am hungering and thirsting—oh, starving, starving, for one drop of it——" His voice shook, and he fell once more to covering her hands with kisses that seemed to scorch her soul.

This was very dreadful. Her soul had never been scorched before. Something must be done to stop him. She could not stand there with her eyes shut and her hands being kissed for ever. "*Please* let me go," she entreated faintly; and in her helplessness began to cry.

He instantly released her, and she stood before him crying. What a horrible thing it was to lose her friend, to be forced to hurt him. "I never dreamt that you—that you——" she wept.

"What, that I loved you?" he asked incredulously, but more gently, subdued by her deep distress. His face grew very hopeless. She was crying because she was sorry for him.

"I don't know—I think I did dream that—lately—once or twice—but I never dreamt that it was so bad—that you were such a—such a—such a volcano. Oh, Axel, why are you a volcano?" she cried, looking up at him, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Why have you spoilt everything? It was so nice before. We were such friends. And now—how can I be friends with a volcano?"

"Anna, if you make fun of me——"

"Oh no, no—as though I would—as though I could do anything so unutterable. But don't let us be tragic. Oh, don't let us be tragic. You know my plans—you know my plans inside out, from beginning to end—how can I, how *can* I marry anybody?"

"Good God, those women—those women who are not happy, who have spoilt your happiness, they are to spoil mine now—ours, Anna?" He seized her arm as though he would wake her at all costs from a fatal sleep. "Do you mean to say that if

it were not for those women you would be my wife?"

"Oh, if only you wouldn't be tragic——"

"Do you mean to say that is the reason?"

"Oh, isn't it sufficient——"

"No. If you cared for me it would be no reason at all."

She cried bitterly. "But I don't," she sobbed. "Not like that—not in that way. It is atrocious of me not to—I know how good you are, how kind, how—how everything. And still I don't. I don't know why I don't, but I don't. Oh, Axel, I am so sorry—don't look so wretched—I can't bear it."

"But what can it matter to you how I look if you don't care about me?"

"Oh, oh," sobbed Anna, wringing her hands.

He caught hold of her wrist. "See here, Anna. Look at me."

But she would not look at him.

"Look at me. I don't believe you know your own mind. I want to see into your eyes. They were always honest—look at me."

But she would not look at him.

"Surely you will do that—only that—for me."

"There isn't anything to see," she wept; "there really isn't. It is dreadful of me, but I can't help it"

"Well, but look at me."

"Oh, Axel, what *is* the use of looking at you?" she cried in despair; and pulled her handkerchief away and did it.

He searched her face for a moment in silence, as though he thought that if only he could read her soul he might understand it better than she did herself. Those dear eyes—they were full of pity, full of distress; but search as he might he could find nothing else.

He turned away without a word.

"Don't, don't be tragic," she begged, anxiously following him a few steps. "If only you are not tragic we shall still be able to be friends——"

But he did not look round.

A servant with a tray was outside coming in to take the coffee away. "Oh," exclaimed Anna, seeing that it was impossible to hide her tear-stained face from the girl's calm scrutiny,—*"Oh Johanna, the poor baroness—she is so ill—it is so dreadful——"* And she dropped into a chair and hid herself in the cushions, weeping hysterically with an abandonment of woe that betokened a quite extraordinary affection for the baroness.

"Gott, die arme Baronesse," sympathised Johanna perfunctorily. To herself she remarked, "This very moment has the miss refused to marry *gnädiger Herr.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT Anna most longed for in the days that followed was a mother. "If I had a mother," she thought, not once, but again and again, and her eyes had a wistful, starved look when she thought it,—"if I only had a mother, a sweet mother all to myself, of my very own, I'd put my head on her dear shoulder and cry myself happy again. First I'd tell her everything, and she wouldn't mind however silly it was, and she wouldn't be tired however long it was, and she'd say 'Little darling child, you are only a baby after all,' and would scold me a little, and kiss me a great deal, and then I'd listen so comfortably, all the time with my face against her nice soft dress, and I would feel so safe and sure and wrapped round while she told me what to do next. It is lonely and cold and difficult without a mother."

The house was in confusion. The baroness had come out of her unconsciousness to delirium, and the doctors, knowing that she was not related to anyone there, talked openly of death. There were two doctors, now, and two nurses; and Anna insisted on

nursing too, wearing herself out with all the more passion because she felt that it was of so little importance really to anyone whether the baroness lived or died.

They were all strangers, the people watching this frail fighter for life, and they watched with the indifference natural to strangers. Here was a middle-aged person who would probably die; if she died no one lost anything, and if she lived it did not matter either. The doctors and nurses, accustomed to these things, could not be expected to be interested in so profoundly uninteresting a case; Frau von Treumann observed once at least every day that it was *schrecklich*, and went on with her embroidery; Fräulein Kuhräuber cried a little when, on her way to her bedroom, she heard the baroness raving, but she cried easily, and the raving frightened her; the princess felt that death in this case would be a blessing; and Letty and Miss Leech avoided the house, and spent the burning days rambling in woods that teemed with prodigal, joyous life.

As for Anna, to see her in the sick-room was to suppose her the nearest and tenderest relative of the baroness; and yet the passion that possessed her was not love, but only an endless, unfathomable pity. "If she gets well, she shall never be unhappy again," vowed Anna in those days when she thought she could hear Death's footsteps on the stairs. "Here

or somewhere else—anywhere she likes—she shall live and be happy. She will see that her poor sister has made no difference, except that there will be no shadow between us now.”

But what is the use of vowing? When June was in its second week the baroness slowly and hesitatingly turned the corner of her illness; and immediately the corner was turned and the exhaustion of turning it got over, she became fractious. “You will have a difficult time,” Axel had said on the day he spoilt their friendship; and it was true. The difficult time began after that corner was turned, and the farther the baroness drew away from it, the nearer she got to complete convalescence, the more difficult did life for Anna become. For it resumed the old course, and they all resumed their old selves, the same old selves, even to the shadow of an unmentioned Lolli between them, that Axel had said they would by no means get away from; but with this difference, that the peculiarities of both Frau von Treumann and the baroness were more pronounced than before, and that not one of the trio would speak to either of the other two.

Frau von Treumann was still firmly fixed in the house, without the least intention apparently of leaving it, and she spent her time lying in wait for Anna, watching for an opportunity of beginning again about Karlchen. Anna had avoided the inevitable day

when she would be caught, but it came at last, and she was caught in the garden, whither she had retired to consider how best to approach the baroness, hitherto quite unapproachable, on the burning question of Lolli.

Frau von Treumann appeared suddenly, coming softly across the grass, so that there was no time to run away. "Anna," she called out reproachfully, seeing Anna make a movement as though she wanted to run, which was exactly what she did want to do, — "Anna, have I the plague?"

"I hope not," said Anna.

"You treat me as if I had it."

Anna said nothing. "Why does she stay here? How can she stay here, after what has happened?" she had wondered often. Perhaps she had come now to announce her departure. She prepared herself therefore to listen with a willing ear.

She was sitting in the shade of a copper beech facing the oily sea and the coast of Rügen quivering opposite in the heat-haze. She was not doing anything; she never did seem to do anything, as these ladies of the busy fingers often noticed.

"Blue and white," said Anna, looking up at the gulls and the sky to give Frau von Treumann time, — "the Pomeranian colours. I see now where they come from."

But Frau von Treumann had not come out to

talk about the Pomeranian colours. "My Karlchen has been ill," she said, her eyes on Anna's face.

Anna watched the gulls overhead in the deep blue. "So has Else," she remarked.

"Dear me," thought Frau von Treumann, "what rancour."

She laid her hand on Anna's knee, and it was taken no notice of. "You cannot forgive him?" she said gently. "You cannot pardon a momentary indiscretion?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Anna, watching the gulls; one dropped down suddenly, and rose again with a fish in its beak, the sun for an instant catching the silver of the scales. "It is no affair of mine. It is for Else to forgive him."

Frau von Treumann began to weep; this way of looking at it was so hopelessly unreasonable. She pulled out her handkerchief. "What a heap she must use," thought Anna; never had she met people who cried so much and so easily as the Chosen; she was quite used now to red eyes; one or other of her sisters had them almost daily, for the farther their old bodily discomforts and real anxieties lay behind them the more tender and easily lacerated did their feelings become.

"He could not bear to see you being imposed upon," said Frau von Treumann. "As soon as he knew about this terrible sister he felt he must hasten

down to save you. 'Mother,' he said to me when first he suspected it, 'if it is true, she must not be contaminated.'"

"Who mustn't?"

"Oh, Anna, you know he thinks only of you!"

"Well, you see," said Anna, "I don't mind being contaminated."

"Oh, dear child, a young pretty girl ought to mind very much."

"Well, I don't. But what about yourself? Are you not afraid of—of contamination?" She was frightened by her own daring when she had said it, and would not have looked at Frau von Treumann for worlds.

"No, dear child," replied that lady in tones of tearful sweetness, "I am too old to suffer in any way from associating with queer people."

"But I thought a Treumann——" murmured Anna, more and more frightened at herself, but impelled to go on.

"Dear Anna, a Treumann has never yet flinched before duty."

Anna was silenced. After that she could only continue to watch the gulls.

"You are going to keep the baroness?"

"If she cares to stay—yes."

"I thought you would. It is for you to decide who you will have in your house. But what would

you do if this—this Lolli came down to see her sister?"

"I really cannot tell."

"Well, be sure of one thing," burst out Frau von Treumann enthusiastically, "I will not forsake you, dear Anna. Your position now is exceedingly delicate, and I will not forsake you."

So she was not going. Anna got up with a faint sigh. "It is frightfully hot here," she said; "I think I will go to Else."

"Ah—and I wanted to tell you about my poor Karlchen—and you avoid me—you do not want to hear. If I am in the house, the house is too hot. If I come into the garden, the garden is too hot. You no longer like being with me."

Anna did not contradict her. She was wondering painfully what she ought to do. Ought she meekly to allow Frau von Treumann to stay on at Kleinwalde, to the exclusion, perhaps, of someone really deserving? Or ought she to brace herself to the terrible task of asking her to go? She thought, "I will ask Axel"—and then remembered that there was no Axel to ask. He never came near her. He had dropped out of her life as completely as though he had left Lohm. Since that unhappy day, she had neither seen him nor heard of him. Many times did she say to herself, "I will ask Axel," and always the remembrance that she could not come with a

shock of loneliness; and then she would drop into the train of thought that ended with "If I had a mother," and her eyes growing wistful.

"Perhaps it is the hot weather," she said suddenly, an evening or two later, after a long silence, to the princess. They had been speaking of servants before that.

"You think it is the hot weather that makes Johanna break the cups?"

"That makes me think so much of mothers."

The princess turned her head quickly, and examined Anna's face. It was Sunday evening, and the others were at church. The baroness, whose recovery was slow, was up in her room.

"What mothers?" naturally inquired the princess.

"I think this everlasting heat is dreadful," said Anna plaintively. "I have no backbone left. I am all limp, and soft, and silly. In cold weather I believe I wouldn't want a mother half so badly."

"So you want a mother?" said the princess, taking Anna's hand in hers and patting it kindly. She thought she knew why. Everyone in the house saw that something must have been said to Axel Lohm to make him keep away so long. Perhaps Anna was repenting, and wanted a mother's help to set things right again.

"I always thought it would be so glorious to be independent," said Anna, "and now somehow it isn't.

It is tiring. I want someone to tell me what I ought to do, and to see that I do it. Besides petting me. I long and long sometimes to be petted."

The princess looked wise. "My dear," she said, shaking her head, "it is not a mother that you want. Do you know the couplet:—

*Man bedarf der Leitung
Und der männlichen Begleitung?*

A truly excellent couplet."

Anna smiled. "That is the German idea of female bliss—always to be led round by the nose by some husband."

"Not *some* husband, my dear—one's own husband. You may call it leading by the nose if you like. I can only say that I enjoyed being led by mine, and have missed it grievously ever since."

"But you had found the right man."

"It is not very difficult to find the right man."

"Yes it is—very difficult indeed."

"I think not," said the princess. "He is never far off. Sometimes, even, he is next door." And she gazed over Anna's head at the ceiling with elaborate unconsciousness.

"And besides," said Anna, "why does a woman everlastingly want to be led and propped? Why can't she go about the business of life on her own feet? Why must she always lean on someone?"

"You said just now it is because it is hot."

"The fact is," said Anna, "that I am not clever enough to see my way through puzzles. And that depresses me."

"I well know that you must be puzzled."

"Yes, it is puzzling, isn't it? I can talk to you about it, for of course you see it all. It seems so absurd that the only result of my trying to make people happy is to make everyone, including myself, wretched. That is waste, isn't it. Waste, I mean, of happiness. For I, at least, was happy before."

"And, my dear, you will be happy again."

Anna knit her brows in painful thought. "If by being wretched I had managed to make the others happy it wouldn't have been so bad. At least it wouldn't have been so completely silly. The only thing I can think of is that I must have hit upon the wrong people."

"*I Gott bewahre!*" cried the princess with energy. "They are all alike. Send these away—you get them back in a different shape. Faces and names would be different, never the women. They would all be Treumanns and Elmreichs, and not a single one worth anything in the whole heap."

"Well, I shall not desert them—Else and Emilie, I mean. They need help, both of them. And after all, it is simple selfishness for ever wanting to be happy oneself. I have begun to see that the chief

thing in life is not to be as happy as one can, but to be very brave."

The princess sighed. "Poor Axel," she said.

Anna started, and blushed violently. "Pray what has my being brave to do with Herr von Lohm?" she inquired severely.

"Why, you are going to be brave at his expense, poor man. You must not expect anything from me, my dear, but commonsense. You give up all hope of being happy because you think it your duty to go on sacrificing him and yourself to a set of thankless, worthless women, and you call it being brave. I call it being unnatural and silly."

"It has never been a question of Herr von Lohm," said Anna coldly, indeed freezingly. "What claims has he on me? My plans were all made before I knew that he existed."

"Oh, my dear, your plans are very irritating things. The only plan a sensible young woman ought to make is to get as good a husband as possible as quickly as she can."

"Why," said Anna, rising in her indignation, and preparing to leave a princess suddenly become objectionable,— "why you are as bad as Susie!"

"Susie?" said the princess, who had not heard of her by that name. "Was Susie also one who told you the truth?"

But Anna walked out of the room without an-

swering, in a very dignified manner; went into the loneliest part of the garden; sat down behind some bushes; and cried.

She looked back on those childish tears afterwards, and on all that had gone before, as the last part of a long sleep,—a sleep disturbed by troubling and foolish dreams, but still only a sleep and only dreams. She woke up the very next day, and remained wide awake after that for the rest of her life.

CHAPTER XV.

ANNA drove into Stralsund the next morning to her banker, accompanied by Miss Leech. When they passed Axel's house she saw that his gate-posts were festooned with wreaths, and that garlands of flowers were strung across the gateway, swaying to and fro softly in the light breeze. "Why, how festive it looks," she exclaimed, wondering.

"Yesterday was Herr von Lohm's birthday," said Miss Leech. "I heard Princess Ludwig say so."

"Oh," said Anna. Her tone was piqued. She turned her head away, and looked at the hay-fields on the opposite side of the road. Axel must have birthdays, of course, and why should he not put things round his gate-posts if he wanted to? Yet she would not look again, and was silent the rest of the way; nor was it of any use for Miss Leech to attempt to while away the long drive with pleasant conversation. Anna would not talk; she said it was too hot to talk. What she was thinking was that men were exceedingly horrid, all of them, and that life was a snare.

Far from being festive, however, Axel's latest

birthday was quite the most solitary he had yet spent. The cheerful garlands had been put up by an officious gardener on his own initiative. No one, except Axel's own dependants, had passed beneath them to wish him luck. Trudi had telegraphed her blessings, administering them thus in their easiest form. His Stralsund friends had apparently forgotten him; in other years they had been glad of the excuse the birthday gave for driving out into the country in June, but this year the astonished Mamsell saw her birthday cake remain untouched, and her baked meats waiting vainly for somebody to come and eat them.

.. Axel neither noticed nor cared. The haymaking season had just begun, and besides his own affairs he was preoccupied by Anna's. If she had not been shut up so long in the baroness's sick-room she would have met him often enough. She thought he never intended to come near her again, and all the time, whenever he could spare a moment and often when he could not, he was on her property, watching Dellwig's farming operations. She should not suffer, he told himself, because he loved her; she should not be punished because she was not able to love him. He would go on doing what he could for her, and was certainly, at his age, not going to sulk and leave her to face her difficulties alone.

The first time he met Dellwig on these incursions

into Anna's domain, he expected to be received with a scowl; but Dellwig did not scowl at all; was on the contrary quite affable, even volunteering information about the work he had in hand. Nor had he been after all offensively zealous in searching for the person who had set the stables on fire; and luckily the Stralsund police had not been very zealous either. Klutz was looked for for a little while after Axel had denounced him as the probable culprit, but the matter had been dropped, apparently, and for the last ten days nothing more had been said or done. Axel was beginning to hope that the whole thing had blown over—that there was to be no unpleasantness after all for Anna. Hearing that the baroness was nearly well, he decided to go and call at Kleinwalde as though nothing had happened. Some time or other he must meet Anna. They could not live on adjoining estates and never see each other. The day after his birthday he arranged to go round in the afternoon, and take up the threads of ordinary intercourse again, however much it made him suffer.

Meanwhile Anna did her business in Stralsund, discovered on interviewing her banker that she had already spent more than two-thirds of a whole year's income, lunched pensively after that on ices with Miss Leech, walked down to the quay and watched the unloading of the fishing-smacks while Fritz and the horses had their dinner, was very much stared

at by the inhabitants who seldom saw anything so pretty, and finally, about two o'clock, started again for home.

As they drew near Axel's gate, and she was preparing to turn her face away from its ostentatious gaiety, a closed *Droschky* came through it towards them, followed at a short distance by a second.

Miss Leech said nothing, strange though this spectacle was on that quiet road, for she felt that these were the departing guests, and, like Anna, she wondered how a man who loved in vain could have the heart to give parties. Anna said nothing either, but watched the approaching *Droschkas* curiously. Axel was sitting in the first one, on the side near her. He wore his ordinary farming clothes—the Norfolk jacket, and the soft green hat. There were three men with him, seedy-looking individuals in black coats. She bowed instinctively, for he was looking out of the window full at her, but he took no notice. She turned very white.

The second *Droschky* contained four more queer-looking persons in black clothes. When they had passed, Fritz pulled up his horses of his own accord, and twisting himself round stared after the receding cloud of dust.

Anna had been cut by Axel; but it was not that that made her turn so white—it was something in

his face. He had looked straight at her, and he had not seen her.

"Who are those people?" she asked Fritz in a voice that faltered, she did not know why.

Fritz did not answer. He stared down the road after the *Droschkes*, shook his head, began to scratch it, jerked himself round again to his horses, drove on a few yards, pulled them up a second time, looked back, shook his head, and was silent.

"Fritz, do you know them?" Anna asked more authoritatively.

But Fritz only mumbled something soothing and drove on.

Anna had not failed to notice the old man's face as he watched the departing *Droschkes*; it wore an oddly amazed and scared expression. Her heart seemed to sink within her like a stone, yet she could give herself no reason for it. She tried to order him to turn up the avenue to Axel's house, but her lips were dry, and the words would not come; and while she was struggling to speak the gate was passed. Then she was relieved that it was passed, for how could she, only because she had a presentiment of trouble, go to Axel's house? What did she think of doing there? Miss Leech glanced at her, and asked if anything was the matter.

"No," said Anna in a whisper, looking straight before her. Nor was there anything the matter; only

that blind look on Axel's face, and the strange feeling in her heart.

A knot of people stood outside the post-office talking eagerly. They all stopped talking to stare at Anna when the carriage came round the corner. Fritz whipped up his horses and drove past them at a gallop.

"Wait—I want to get out," cried Anna as they came to the parsonage. Do you mind waiting?" she asked Miss Leech. "I want to speak to Herr Pastor. I will not be a moment."

She went up the little trim path to the porch. The maid-of-all-work was clearing away the coffee from the table. Frau Manske came bustling out when she heard Anna's voice asking for her husband. She looked extraordinarily excited. "He has not come back yet," she cried before Anna could speak, "he is still at the *Schloss*. *Gott du Allmächtiger*, did one ever hear of anything so terrible?"

Anna looked at her, her face as white as her dress. "Tell me," she tried to say; but no sound passed her lips. She made a great effort, and the words came in a whisper: "Tell me," she said.

"What, the gracious Miss has not heard? Herr von Lohm has been arrested."

It was impossible not to enjoy imparting so tremendous a piece of news, however genuinely shocked one might be. Frau Manske brought it out

with a ring of pride. It would not be easy to beat, she felt, in the way of news. Then she remembered the gossip about Anna and Axel, and observed her with increased interest. Was she going to faint? It would be the only becoming course for her to take if it were true that there had been courting.

But Anna, whose voice had failed her before, when once she had heard what it was that had happened, seemed curiously cold and composed. "What was he accused of?" was all she asked; so calmly, Frau Manske afterwards told her friends, that it was not even womanly in the face of so great a misfortune.

"He set fire to the stables," said Frau Manske.

"It is a lie," said Anna; also, as Frau Manske afterwards pointed out to her friends, an unwomanly remark.

"He did it himself to get the insurance money."

"It is a lie," repeated Anna, in that cold voice.

"Eye-witnesses will swear to it."

"They will lie," said Anna again; and turned and walked away. "Go on," she said to Fritz, taking her place beside Miss Leech.

She sat quite silent till they were near the house. Then she called to the coachman to stop. "I am going into the forest for a little while," she said jumping out. "You drive on home." And she crossed the road quickly, her white dress fluttering

for a moment between the pine-trunks, and then disappearing in the soft green shadow.

Miss Leech drove on alone, sighing gently. Something was troubling her dear Miss Estcourt. Something out of the ordinary had happened. She wished she could help her. She drove on, sighing.

Directly the road was out of sight, Anna struck back again to the left, across the moss and lichen, towards the place where she knew there was a path that led to Lohm. She walked very straight and very quickly. She did not miss her way, but found the path and hastened her steps to a run. What were they doing to Axel? She was going to his house, alone. People would talk. Who cared? And when she had heard all that could be told her there, she was going to Axel himself. People would talk. Who cared? The laughable indifference of slander, when big issues of life and death were at stake! All the tongues of all the world should not frighten her away from Axel. Her eyes had a new look in them. For the first time she was wide awake, was facing life as it is without dreams, facing its absolute cruelty and pitilessness. This was life, these were the realities—suffering, injustice, and shame; not to be avoided apparently by the most honourable and innocent of men; but at least to be fought with all the weapons in one's power, with unflinching courage to the end, whatever that end might be. That was what one

needed most, of all the gifts of the gods—not happiness—oh, foolish, childish dream! how could there be happiness so long as men were wicked?—but courage. That blind look on Axel's face—no, she would not think of that; it tore her heart. She stumbled a little as she ran—no, she would not think of that.

Out in the open, between the forest and Lohm, she met Manske. "I was coming to you," he said.

"I am going to him," said Anna.

"Oh, my dear young lady!" cried Manske; and two big tears rolled down his face.

"Don't cry," she said, "it does not help him."

"How can I not do so after seeing what I have this day seen?"

She hurried on. "Come," she said, "we must not waste time. He needs help. I am going to his house to see what I can do. Where did they take him?"

"They took him to prison."

"Where?"

"Stralsund."

"Will he be there long?"

"Till after the trial."

"And that will be?"

"God knows."

"I am going to him. Come with me. We will take his horses."

"Oh, dear Miss, dear Miss," cried Manske, wringing his hands, "they will not let us see him—

you they will not let in under any circumstances, and me only across mountains of obstacles. The official who conducted the arrest, when I prayed for permission to visit my dear patron, was brutality itself. 'Why should you visit him?' he asked, sneering. 'The prison chaplain will do all that is needful for his soul.' 'Let it be, Manske,' said my dear patron, but still I prayed. 'I cannot give you permission,' said the man at last, weary of my importunity; 'it rests with my chief. You must go to him.'"

"Who is the chief?"

"I know not. I know nothing. My head is in a whirl."

"He must be somewhere in Stralsund. We will find him, if we have to ask from door to door. And I'll get permission for myself."

"Oh, dearest Miss, none will be given you. The man said only his nearest relatives, and those only very seldom—for I asked all I could; I felt the moments were priceless—my dear patron spoke not a word. 'His wife, if he has one,' said the man, making hideous pleasantries—he well knew there is no wife—or his *Braut*, if there is one, or a brother or a sister, but no one else."

"Do his brothers and Trudi know?"

"I at once telegraphed to them."

"Then they will be here to-night."

The women and children in the village ran out

to look at Anna as she passed. She did not see them. Axel's house stood open. The Mamsell, overcome by the shame of having been in such a service, was in hysterics in the kitchen, and the inspector, a devoted servant who loved his master, was upbraiding her with bitterest indignation for daring to say such things of such a master. The Mamsell's laments and the inspector's furious reproaches echoed through the empty house. The door, like the gate, was garlanded with flowers. Little more than an hour had gone by since Axel passed out beneath them to ruin.

Anna went straight to the study. His papers were lying about in disorder; the drawer of the writing-table was unlocked, and his key hung in it. He had been writing letters, evidently, for an unfinished one lay on the table. She stood a moment quite still in the silent room. Manske had gone to find the coachman, and she could hear his steps on the stones beneath the open windows. The desolation of the deserted room, the terrible sense of misfortune worse than death that brooded over it, struck her like a blow that for ever destroyed her cheerful youth. She never forgot the look and the feeling of that room. She went to the writing-table, dropped on her knees, and laid her cheek, with an abandonment of tenderness, on the open, unfinished letter. "How are such things possible—how are they pos-

sible——” she murmured passionately, shutting her eyes to press back the useless tears. “So useless to cry, so useless,” she repeated piteously, as she felt the scalding tears, in spite of all efforts to keep them back, stealing through her eyelashes. And everything else that she did or could do—how useless. What could she do for him, who had no claim on him at all? How could she reach him across this gulf of misery? Yes, it was good to be brave in this world, it was good to have courage; but courage without weapons—of what use was it? She was a woman, a stranger in a strange land, she had no friends, no influence—she was useless. Manske found her kneeling there, holding the writing-table tightly in her outstretched arms, pressing her bosom against it as though it were something that could feel, her eyes shut, her face a desolation. “Do not cry,” he begged in his turn; “dearest Miss, do not cry—it cannot help him.”

They locked up his papers and everything that they thought might be of value before they left. Manske took the keys. Anna half put out her hand for them, then dropped it at her side. She had less claim than Manske: he was Axel's pastor; she was nothing to him at all.

They left the dogcart at the entrance to the town and went in search of a *Droschke*. Manske's weather-beaten face flushed a dull red when he gave

the order to drive to the prison. The prison was in a by-street of shabby houses. Heads appeared at the windows of the houses as the *Droschke* rattled up over the rough stones, and the children playing about the doors and gutters stopped their games and crowded round to stare.

They went up the dirty steps and rang the bell. The door was immediately opened a few inches by an official who shouted "The visiting hour is past," and shut it again.

Manske rang a second time.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the man angrily, thrusting out his head.

Manske stated, in the mildest, most conciliatory tones, that he would be infinitely obliged if he would tell him what steps he ought to take to obtain permission to visit one of the inmates.

"You must have a written order," snapped the man, preparing to shut the door again. The street children were clustering at the bottom of the steps, listening eagerly.

"To whom should I apply?" asked Manske.

"To the judge who has conducted the preliminary inquiries."

The door was slammed, and locked from within with a great noise of rattling keys. The sound of the keys made Anna feel faint; Axel was on the other side of that ostentation of brute force. She

leaned against the wall shivering. The children tittered; she was a very fine lady, they thought, to have friends in there.

"The judge who conducted the preliminary inquiries," repeated Manske, looking dazed. "Who may he be? Where shall we find him? I fear I am sadly inexperienced in these matters."

There was nothing to be done but to face the official's wrath once more. He timidly rang the bell again. This time he was kept waiting. There was a little round window in the door, and he could see the man on the other side leaning against a table trimming his nails. The man also could see him. Manske began to knock on the glass in his desperation. The man remained absorbed by his nails.

Anna was suffering a martyrdom. Her head drooped lower and lower. The children laughed loud. Just then heavy steps were heard approaching on the pavement, and the children fled with one accord. Immediately afterwards an official, apparently of a higher grade than the man within, came up. He glanced curiously at the two suppliants as he thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a key. Before he could fit it in the lock the man on the other side had seen him, had sprung to the door, flung it open, and stood at attention.

Manske saw that here was his opportunity. He

snatched off his hat. "Sir," he cried, "one moment, for God's sake."

"Well?" inquired the official sharply.

"Where can I obtain an order of admission?"

"To see——?"

"My dear patron, Herr von Lohm, who by some incomprehensible and appalling mistake——"

"You must go to the judge who conducted the preliminary inquiries."

"But who is he, and where is he to be found?"

The official looked at his watch. "If you hurry you may still find him at the Law Courts. In the next street. Examining Judge Schultz."

And the door was shut.

So they went to the Law Courts, and hurried up and down staircases and along endless corridors, vainly looking for someone to direct them to Examining Judge Schultz. The building was empty; they did not meet a soul, and they went down one passage after the other, anguish in Anna's heart, and misery hardly less acute in Manske's. At last they heard distant voices echoing through the emptiness. They followed the sound, and found two women cleaning.

"Can you direct me to the room of the Examining Judge Schultz?" asked Manske, bowing politely.

"The gentlemen have all gone home. Business hours are over," was the answer. Could they perhaps give his private address? No, they could not; perhaps the porter knew. Where was the porter? Somewhere about.

They hurried downstairs again in search of the porter. Another ten minutes was wasted looking for him. They saw him at last through the glass of the entrance-door, airing himself on the steps.

The porter gave them the address, and they lost some more minutes trying to find their *Droschke*, for they had come out at a different entrance from the one they had gone in by. By this time Manske was speechless, and Anna was half dead.

They climbed three flights of stairs to the Examining Judge's flat, and after being kept waiting a long while—"Der Herr Untersuchungsrichter is bei Tisch," the slovenly girl had announced—were told by him very curtly that they must go to the Public Prosecutor for the order. Anna went out without a word. Manske bowed and apologised profusely for having disturbed the *Herr Untersuchungsrichter* at his repast; he felt the necessity of grovelling before these persons whose power was so almighty. The Examining Judge made no reply whatever to these piteous amiabilities, but turned on his heel, leaving them to find the door as best they could.

The Public Prosecutor lived at the other end of

the town. They neither of them spoke a word on the way there. In answer to their anxious inquiry whether they could speak to him, the woman who opened the door said that her master was asleep; it was his hour for repose, having just supped, and he could not possibly be disturbed.

Anna began to cry. Manske gripped hold of her hand and held it fast, patting it while he continued to question the servant. "He will see no one so late," she said. "He will sleep now till nine, and then go out. You must come to-morrow."

"At what time?"

"At ten he goes to the Law Courts. You must come before then."

"Thank-you," said Manske, and drew Anna away. "Do not cry, *liebes Kind*," he implored, his own eyes brimming with miserable tears. "Do not let the coachman see you like this. We must go home now. There is nothing to be done. We will come early to-morrow, and have more success."

They stopped a moment in the dark entrance below, trying to compose their faces before going out. They did not dare look at each other. Then they went out and drove away.

The stars were shining as they passed along the quiet country road, and all the way was drenched with the fragrance of clover and freshly-cut hay.

The sky above the rye-fields on the left was still rosy. Not a leaf stirred. Once, when the coachman stopped to take a stone out of a horse's shoe, they could hear the crickets, and the cheerful humming of a column of gnats high above their heads.

CHAPTER XVI.

GUSTAV VON LOHM found Manske's telegram on his table when he came in with his wife from his afternoon ride in the Thiergarten.

"What is it?" she inquired, seeing him turn pale; and she took it out of his hand and read it. "Disgraceful," she murmured.

"I must go at once," he said, looking round helplessly.

"Go?"

When a wife says "Go?" in that voice, if she is a person of determination and her husband is a person of peace, he does not go; he stays. Gustav stayed. It is true that at first he decided to leave Berlin by the early train next morning; but his wife employed the hours of darkness addressing him, as he lay sleepless, in the language of wisdom; and the wisdom being of that robust type known as worldly, it inevitably produced its effect on a mind naturally receptive.

"Relations," she said, "are at all times bad enough. They do less for you and expect more from you than anyone else. They are the last to

congratulate if you succeed, and the first to abandon if you fail. They are at one and the same time abnormally truthful and abnormally sensitive. They regard it as infinitely more blessed to administer home-truths than to receive them back again. But, so long as they do not actually break the law, prejudice demands that they shall be borne with. In my family no one ever broke the laws. It has been reserved for my married life, this connection with criminals."

She was a woman of ready and frequent speech, and she continued in this strain for some time. Towards morning, nature refusing to endure more, Gustav fell asleep; and when he woke the early train was gone.

In the same manner did his wife prevent his writing to his unhappy brother. "It is sad that such things should be," she said,—“sad that a man of birth should commit so vulgar a crime; but he has done it, he has disgraced us, he has struck a blow at our social position which may easily, if we are not careful, prove fatal. Take my advice—have nothing to do with him. Leave him to be dealt with as the law shall demand. We who abide by the laws are surely justified in shunning, in abhorring, those who deliberately break them. Leave him alone."

And Gustav left him alone.

Trudi was at a picnic when the telegram reached her flat. With several of her female friends and a great many lieutenants she was playing at being frisky among the haycocks beyond the town. Her two little boys, Billy and Tommy, who would really have enjoyed haycocks, were left sternly at home. She invited the whole party to supper at her flat, and drove home in the dogcart of the richest of the young men, making immense efforts to please him, and feeling that she must be looking very picturesque and sweet in her flower-trimmed straw hat and muslin dress, silhouetted against the pale gold of the evening sky.

Her eye fell on the telegram as the picnic party came crowding in.

"Bill coming home?" inquired somebody.

"I'm afraid he is," she said, opening it.

She read it, and could not prevent a change of expression. There was a burst of laughter. The young men declared they would never marry. The young women, prone at all times to pity other women's husbands, criticised Trudi's pale face, and secretly pitied Bill. She lit a cigarette, flung herself into a chair, and became very cheerful. She had never been so amusing. She kept them in a state of uproarious mirth till the small hours. The richest lieutenant, who had found her distinctly a bore during the drive home, went away feeling quite affectionate.

When they had all gone, she dropped onto her bed, and cried, and cried.

It was in the papers next morning, and at breakfast Trudi and her family were in every mouth. Bibi came running round, genuinely distressed. She had not been invited to the picnic, but she forgot that in her sympathy. "I wanted to catch you before you start," she said, vigorously embracing her poor friend.

"Where should I start for?" asked Trudi, offering a cold cheek to Bibi's kisses.

"Are you not going to Herr von Lohm?" exclaimed Bibi, open-mouthed.

"What, when he tries to cheat insurance companies?"

"But he never, never set fire to those buildings himself."

"Didn't he though." Trudi turned her head, and looked straight into Bibi's eyes. "I know him better than you do," she said slowly.

She had decided that that was the only way—to cast him off altogether; and it must be done at once and thoroughly. Indeed, how was it possible not to hate him? It was the most dreadful thing to happen to her. She would suffer by it in every way. If he were guilty or not guilty, he was anyhow a fool to let himself get into such a position; and how she

hated such fools! She registered a solemn vow that she had done with Axel for ever.

At Kleinwalde the effect of the news was to make Frau Dellwig slay a pig and send out invitations for an unusually large Sunday party. She and her husband could hardly veil their beaming satisfaction with a decent appearance of dismay. "What would his poor father, our gracious master's oldest friend, have said!" ejaculated Dellwig at dinner, when the servant was in the room.

"It is truly merciful that he did not live to see it," said his wife, with pious head-shakings.

What Anna was doing at Stralsund, no one knew. She said she was having some bother with her bank. Miss Leech related how they had been to the bank on the Monday. "I must go again," Anna said on the evening of the fruitless Tuesday, when she had been the whole day again with Manske, vainly trying to obtain permission to visit Axel; and she added, her head drooping, her voice faint, that it was a great bore. Certainly she looked profoundly unhappy.

"One cannot be too careful in money matters," remarked Frau von Treumann, alarmed by Anna's white looks, and afraid lest by some foolish neglect on her part supplies should cease. She enthusiastically encouraged these visits to the bank. "Take care of

your bank," she said, "and your bank will take care of you. That is what we say in Germany."

But Anna did not hear. There was but one thought in her mind, one cry in her heart—how could she reach, how could she help, Axel?

He was in a cell about five yards long by three wide. There was just room to pass between the camp bedstead and the small deal table standing against the opposite wall. Besides this furniture, there was one chair, an empty wooden box turned up on end with a tin basin on it—that was his washstand—a little shelf fixed on the wall, and on the little shelf a tin mug, a tin plate, a pot of salt, a small loaf of black bread, and a Bible. The walls were painted brown, and the window, fitted with ground glass, was high up near the ceiling; it was barred on the outside, and could only be opened a few inches at the top. On the door a neat printed card was fastened, giving, besides information for the guidance of the habitually dirty as to the cleansing properties of water, the quantity of oakum the occupant of the cell would be expected to pick every day. The cell was used sometimes for condemned criminals—hence the mention of the oakum; but the card caught Axel's eye whenever he reached that end of the room in his paces up and down, and without knowing it he learnt its rules by heart.

At first he had been completely dazed, absolutely

unable to understand the meaning and extent of the misfortune that had overtaken him; but there was a grim, uncompromising reality about the prison, about the heavy doors he passed through, each one barred and locked behind him, each one cutting him off more utterly from the common free life outside, about the look of the miserable beings he met being taken to or from their work by armed warders, about the warders themselves with their great keys, polished by frequent use—there was about these things an inexorable reality that shook him out of the blind apathy into which he had fallen after his arrest. Some extraordinary mistake had been made; and, knowing that he had done nothing, when first he began to think connectedly he was certain that it could only be a matter of hours before he was released. But the horror of his position was there. Released or not released, who would make good to him what he was suffering, and what he would have lost? He had been searched on his arrival—his money, watch, and a ring he wore of his mother's taken from him. The young official who arrested him—he was the Junior Public Prosecutor—presided at these operations with immense zeal. Being young and obscure, he thirsted to make a name for himself, and opportunities were few in that little town. To be put in charge, therefore, of this sensational case, was to behold opening out before him the rosiest

prospects for the future. His name, which was Meyer, would flare up in flames of glory from the ashes of Axel's honour. Stralsund, ringing with the ancient name of Lohm, would be forced to ring simultaneously with the less ancient and not in itself interesting name of Meyer. He had arrested Lohm, he had special charge of the case, he could not but be talked about at last. His zeal and satisfaction accordingly were great, carrying him far beyond the limits usual on such occasions. Axel stood amazed at the trick of fortune that had so suddenly flung him into the power of a young man called Meyer.

Soon after he was locked in his cell, a warder came in with a great pot of liquid food, a sort of thick soup made chiefly of beans, with other bodies, unknown to Axel, floating about among them.

"Your plate," said the warder, jerking his head in the direction of the little shelf on which stood Axel's dining facilities; and he raised the pot preparatory to pouring out some of its contents.

"Thank-you," said Axel, "I don't want any."

"You'll be hungry then," said the man, going away. "There is no more food to-day."

Axel said nothing, and he went out. The smell of the soup, which was apparently of great potency, filled the little room. Axel tried to open the window wider, but though he was tall and he stood on his table, he could not reach it.

It began to get dark. The lamps in the street below were lit, and the shouts of the children at play came up to him. He guessed that it must be past nine, and wondered how long he was to be left there without a light. As it grew darker, his thoughts grew very dark. He paced up and down more and more restlessly, trying to force them into clearness. In the hurry and dismay he had left his keys at Lohm, he remembered, and all his money and papers were at the mercy of the first-comer. And he was poor; he could not afford to lose any money, or any time. Supposing he were to be kept here more than a few hours, what would become of his farming, just now at its busiest season, his people used to his constant direction and control, his inspector accustomed to do nothing without the master's orders? And what would be the moral effect on them of his arrest? If he had a pencil and paper he would write some hasty messages to keep them all at their posts till his return; but he had no writing materials—he was quite helpless. He had sent urgent word to his lawyer in Stralsund, telegraphing to him through Manske before leaving home, and he had expected to find him waiting for him at the prison. But he had not come. Why did he not come? Why did he leave him helpless at such a moment? Axel was determined to face his misfortune quietly; yet the feeling of absolute impotence, of being as it were

bound hand and foot when there was such dire necessity for immediate action, almost broke down his resolution.

But it was only for a few hours, he assured himself, walking faster, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets, and he could bear anything for a few hours. His brothers would come to him—to-morrow the first thing his lawyer would certainly come. It was all so extremely absurd; yet it was amazing the amount of suffering one such absurd mistake could inflict. "Thank God," he exclaimed aloud, stopping in his walk, struck by a new thought, "thank God that I have neither wife nor children." And he paced up and down again more slowly, his shoulders bent, his head sunk, a dull flush on his face; he was thinking of Anna.

The door was unlocked, and a warder with a bull's-eye lantern came in quickly. "The Public Prosecutor is coming up," he said breathlessly. "When he comes in, you stand at attention and recite your name and the crime of which you are accused."

He had hardly finished when the Public Prosecutor appeared. The warder sprang to attention. Axel slowly and unwillingly did the same.

"Well?" snarled the great man, as Axel did not speak. He was an old man, with a face grown sly and hard during years of association with criminals,

of experiences confined solely to the ugly sides of life.

"My name is Lohm," said Axel, feeling the folly of attempting to defy anyone so absolutely powerful in the place where he was; and he proceeded to explain the crime of which he was suspected.

The Public Prosecutor, who knew perfectly well everything about him, having himself arranged every detail of the arrest, said something incomprehensible and was going away.

"May I have a light of some sort?" asked Axel, "and writing materials? I absolutely must be able to——"

"You cannot expect the luxuries of a *Schloss* here," said the Public Prosecutor with a scowl, turning on his heel and signing to the warder to lock the door again. And he continued his rounds, congratulating himself on having demonstrated that in his independent eye the bearer of the most ancient name and the offscourings of the street, tried or untried, were equal—sinners, that is, all of them—and would receive exactly the same treatment at his hauds. Indeed he was so anxious to impress this laudable impartiality on the members of the little prison-world, which was the only world he knew, that he overshot the mark, refusing Axel small conveniences that he would have unhesitatingly granted a suppliant called Schmidt, Schultz, or Meyer.

It was now quite dark, except for the faint light from the lamps in the street below. Weary to death, Axel flung himself down on the little bed. He had brought a few necessaries, hastily thrown into a bag by his servant,—necessaries that had first been carefully handled and inspected with every symptom of distrust by the Junior Public Prosecutor Meyer; but he did not unpack them. Judging from the shortness of the bed, he concluded that criminals must be a stunted race. Sleeping was not made easy by this bed, and he lay awake staring at the shadows cast by the iron bars outside his window onto the ceiling. These shadows affected him oddly. He shut his eyes, but still he saw them; he turned his head to the wall and tried not to think of them, but still he saw them. They expressed the whole misery of his situation.

He had dozed off, worn out, when a bright light on his face woke him. He started up in bed, confused, hardly remembering where he was. A feeling very nearly resembling horror came over him. A bull's-eye lantern was being held close to his face. He could see nothing but the bright light. The man holding it did not speak, and presently backed out again, bolting the door behind him. Axel lay down, reflecting that such surprises, added to anxiety and bad food, must wear out a suspected culprit's nerves with extraordinary rapidity and thoroughness.

There could not, he thought, be much left of a man in the way of brains and calmness by the time he was taken before the judge to clear himself. The incident completely banished all tendency to sleep. He remained wide awake after that, tormented by anxious thoughts.

Towards dawn, for which he thanked God when it came, the silence of the prison was broken by screams. He started up again and listened, his blood frozen by the sound of them. They were terrible to hear, echoing through that place. Again a feeling of sheer horror came over him. How long would he be able to endure these things? The screams grew more and more appalling. He sprang up and went to the door, and listened there. He thought he heard steps outside, and knocked. "What is that screaming?" he cried out. But no one answered. The shrieks reached a climax of anguish, and suddenly stopped. Deathlike stillness fell again upon the prison. Axel spent what was left of the night pacing up and down.

The prison day did not begin till six. Axel, used to his busy country life that got him out of his bed and onto his horse at four these fine summer mornings, heard sounds of life below in the street—early carts and voices—long before life stirred within the walls. He understood afterwards why the inmates were allowed to lie in bed so long: it was

convenient for the warders. The prisoners rose at six, and went to bed again at six, in the full sunshine of those June afternoons. Thus disposed of, the warders could relax their vigilance and enjoy some hours of rest. The effect, moralising or the reverse, on the prisoners, who could by no means get themselves off to sleep at six o'clock, was of the supremest indifference to everyone concerned. Axel, not yet having been tried, and not yet therefore having been placed in the common dormitory, was not forced into bed at any particular time. He might enjoy evenings as long as those of the warders if he chose, and he might get up as early as though his horse were waiting below to take him to his hay-fields if he liked; but this privilege, without the means of employing the extra hours, was valueless. He watched anxiously for the broad daylight that would bring his lawyer and put an end to this first martyrdom of helpless waiting. Towards seven, one of the prisoners, whose good conduct had procured him promotion to cleaning the passages and doing other work of the kind, brought him another loaf of bread and a pot of coffee. From this young man, a white-faced, artful-looking youth, with closely-cropped hair and wearing the coarse, brown prison dress, Axel heard that the ghastly screams in the night came from a prisoner who had *delirium tremens*; he had been put in the cellar to get over the attack; he could

scream as loud as he liked there, and no one would hear him; they always put him in the cellar when the attacks came on. The young man grinned. Evidently he thought the arrangement both good and funny.

"Poor wretch," said Axel, profoundly pitying those other wretched human beings, his fellow-prisoners.

"Oh, he is very happy there. He plays all day long at catching the rats."

"The rats?"

"They say there are no rats—that he only thinks he sees them. But whether the rats are real or not it amuses him trying to catch them. When he is quiet again, he is brought back to us."

A warder appeared and said there was too much talking. The young man slid away swiftly and silently. He was a thief by profession, of superior skill and intelligence.

Axel ate part of the bread, and succeeded in swallowing some of the coffee, and then began his walk again, up and down, up and down, listening intently at the door each time he came to it for sounds of his lawyer's approach. The morning must be half-way through, he thought; why did he not come? How could he let him wait at such a crisis? How could any of them—Gustav, Trudi, Manske—let him wait at such a crisis? He grew terribly

anxious. He had expected Gustav by the first train from Berlin; he might have been with him by nine o'clock. The other brother, he knew, would be less easily reached by the telegram—he was attached to the person of a prince whose movements were uncertain; but Gustav? Well, he must be patient; he may not have been at home; the next train arrived in the afternoon; he would come by that.

The door opened, and he turned eagerly; but it was the Public Prosecutor again.

"Name, name, and crime!" frantically whispered the accompanying warder, as Axel stood silent. Axel repeated the formula of the night before. Every time these visits were made he had to go through this performance, his heels together, his body rigid.

"Bed not made," said the Public Prosecutor.

"Bed not made," repeated the warder, glaring at Axel.

"Make it," ordered the chief; and went out.

"Make it," hissed the warder; and followed him.

His lawyer came in simultaneously with his dinner.

"Plate," said the warder with the pot.

"This is a sad sight, Herr von Lohm," said the lawyer.

"It is," agreed Axel, reaching down his plate.

He allowed some of the mess to be poured into it; he was not going to starve only because the soup was potent.

"I expected you yesterday," he said to the lawyer.

"Ah—I was engaged yesterday."

The lawyer's manner was so peculiar that Axel stared at him, doubtful if he really were the right man. He was a native of Stralsund, and Axel had employed him ever since he came into his estate, and had found his work satisfactory, and his manners exceedingly polite—so polite, indeed, as to verge on cringing; but then, as Manske would have pointed out, he was a Jew. Now the whole man was changed. The ingratiating smiles, the bows, the rubbed hands, where were they? The lawyer sat at his ease on the one chair, his hands in his pockets, a toothpick in his mouth, and scrutinised Axel while he told him his case with an insolent look of incredulity.

"He actually believes I set the place on fire," thought Axel, struck by the look.

He did actually believe it. He always believed the worst, for his experience had been that the worst is what comes most often nearest the truth; but then, as Manske would have explained, he was a Jew.

The interview was extremely unsatisfactory. "I have an appointment," said the lawyer, pulling out

his watch before they had half discussed the situation.

"You appear to forget that this is a matter of enormous importance to me," said Axel, wrath in his eyes and voice.

"That is what each of my clients invariably says," replied the lawyer, stretching across the table for his gloves.

"How can we arrange anything in a ten minutes' conversation?" inquired Axel indignantly.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot neglect all my other business."

"I do not remember your having been so pressed for time formerly. I shall expect you again this afternoon."

"An impossibility."

"Then to-morrow the first thing. That is, if I am still here."

The lawyer grinned. "It is not so easy to get out of these places as it is to get in," he said, drawing on his gloves. "By the way, my fees in such cases are payable beforehand."

Axel flushed. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses that this was the obsequious person who had for so long managed his affairs. "My brother Gustav will arrange all that," he said stiffly.

"You know I can do nothing here. He is coming this afternoon."

"Oh, is he?" said the lawyer sceptically. "Is he indeed, now? That will be a remarkable instance of brotherly devotion. I am truly glad to hear that. Good-afternoon," he nodded; and went out, leaving Axel in a fury.

The one good result of his visit was that some time later Axel was provided with writing materials. He immediately fell to writing letters and telegrams; urgent letters and telegrams, of a desperate importance to himself. When his coffee was brought he gave them to the warder, and begged him to see that they were despatched at once; then he paced up and down again, relieved at least by feeling that he could now communicate with the outer world.

"They have gone?" he asked anxiously, next time he saw the warder. "*Jawohl*," was the reply. And gone they had, but only by slow stages, to the office of the Examining Judge Schultz, where they lay in a heap waiting till he should have leisure and inclination to read them, and, if he approved of their contents, order them to be posted. There they lay for three days, and most of them were not passed after all, because the Examining Judge disliked the tone of the assurances in them that the writer was innocent. He knew that trick; every

prisoner invariably protested the same thing. But these protestations were unusually strong. They were of such strength that they actually produced in his own hardened and experienced mind a passing doubt—absurd of course, and not for one moment to be considered—whether the Stralsund authorities might not have blundered. It was a dangerous notion to put into people's heads, that the Stralsund authorities, of whom he was one, could blunder. Blunders meant a reproof from headquarters and a retarded career; their possibility, therefore, was not to be entertained for a moment. Even should they have been made, it must not get about that they had been made. He accordingly suppressed nearly all the letters.

Gustav must have missed the second train as well, for when the sky grew rosy, and Axel knew that the sun was setting, he was still alone.

The few hours he had thought to stay in that place were lengthening out into days, he reflected. If Gustav did not come soon, what should he do? Someone he must have to look after his affairs, to arrange with the lawyer, to be a link connecting him with outside. And who but his brother and heir? Still, he would certainly come soon, and Trudi too. Poor little Trudi—he was afraid she would be terribly upset.

But the hours passed, and no one came.

That evening he was given a lamp. It burnt badly and smelt atrociously. He asked if the window might be opened a little wider. The request had to be made in writing, said the warder, and submitted through the usual channels to the Public Prosecutor, without whose permission no window might be touched. Axel wrote the request, and the warder took it away. It came back two days later with an intimation scrawled across it that if the prisoner von Lohm were not satisfied with his cell he would be given a worse one.

The night came, and had to be gone through somehow. Axel sat for hours on the side of his bed, his head supported in his hands, struggling with despair. A profound gloom was settling down on him. The knowledge that he had done nothing had ceased to reassure him. The lawyer was right when he said that it was easier to get into such a place than to get out again. Klutz had denounced him, to save himself; of that he had not a doubt. And Dellwig, well known and greatly respected, had supported Klutz. This explained Dellwig's conduct lately completely. Axel's courage was perilously near giving way as he recognised the difficulty he would have in proving that he was innocent. If no one helped him from outside, his case was indeed

desperate. He did not remember ever to have turned his back on a friend in distress; how was it, then, that not a friend was to be found to come to him in his extremity? Where were they all, those jovial companions who shot over his estate with him so often, driving any distance for the pleasure of killing his game? What was keeping Gustav back? Why did he not even send a message? How was it that Manske, who professed so much attachment to his house, besides such stores of Christian charity, did not make an effort to reach him? He had never asked or wanted anything of anyone in his life; but this was so terrible, his need was so extreme. What a failure his whole life was. He had been alone, always. During all the years when other men have wives and children he had been working hard, alone. He had had no happy days, as the old Romans would have said. And now total ruin was upon him. Sitting there through the night, he began to understand the despair that impels unhappy beings in a like situation, forsaken of God and men, to make wild efforts to get out of such places, conscious that they avail nothing, but at least bruising and crushing themselves into the blessed indifference of exhaustion.

The hours dragged by, each one a lifetime, each one so packed with opportunities for going mad, he thought, as he counted how many of them separated

him already from his free, honourable past life. By the time morning came, added to his other torturing anxieties, was the fear lest he should fall ill in there before any steps had been taken for his release. He sat leaning his head against the wall, indifferent to what went on around him, hardly listening any more for Gustav's footsteps. He had ceased to expect him. He had ceased to expect anyone. He sat motionless, suffering bodily now, a strange feeling in his head, his thoughts dwelling dully on his physical discomforts, on the closeness of the cell, on the horrible nights. He made a great effort to eat some dinner, but could not. What would become of him if he could neither eat nor sleep? On what stores of energy would he be able to draw when the time came for defending himself? He was sitting by the table, leaning his head against the wall, his eyes closed, when the prisoner-attendant came to take away his dinner. "Ill?" inquired the young man cheerfully. Axel did not move or answer. It was too much trouble to speak.

The warder, upon the attendant's remarking that No. 32 seemed unwell, examined him through the peep-hole in the door, but decided that he was not ill yet; not ill enough, that is. In another week he would be ready for the prison doctor, but not yet. These things must take their course. It was always the same course; he had been a warder

twenty years, and knew almost to an hour the date on which, after the arrest, the doctor would be required.

Axel was sitting in the same position when, about three o'clock, the door was unlocked again. He did not move or open his eyes.

"Ihr Fräulein Braut ist hier," said the warder.

The word *Braut*, betrothed, sent Axel's thoughts back across the years to Hildegard. His betrothed? Had he heard the mocking words, or had he been dreaming? He turned his head and looked vaguely towards the door. All the sunlight was out there in the wide corridor, and in it, on the threshold, stood Anna.

What had she meant to say? She never could remember. It had been something deeply apologetic, ashamed. But her fears and her shame fell from her like a garment when she saw him. "Oh, poor Axel—oh, poor Axel——" she murmured with a quick sob.

He tried to get up to come to her. In an instant she was at his side, and, stumbling, he fell on his knees, holding her by the dress, clinging to her as to his salvation. "It is not pity, Anna?" he asked in a voice sharp with an intolerable fear.

And Anna, half blinded by her tears, deliberately put her arms round his neck, relinquishing by that one action herself and her future entirely to him,

hauling down for ever her flag of independent womanhood, and bending down her face to that upturned face of agonised questioning laid her lips on his. "No," she whispered, and she kissed him with a passionate tenderness between the words, "it is only love—only love——"

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE was a grave beauty, an austerity almost, about this betrothal in the prison. Here was no room for the archnesses and coynesses of ordinary love-making. All that was not simple truth fell away from them both like tawdry ornaments, for which there was no use in that sad place. Soul to soul, unseparated by even the flimsiest veil of conventionality, of custom; soul to soul, clear-visioned, steadfast, as those may be who are quietly watching the approach of death, they looked into each other's eyes and knew that they were alone, he and she, against the world. To cleave to one another, to stand together, he and she, against the whole world,—that was what their betrothal meant. Axel, cut off for ever from his kind if he should not be able to clear himself; Anna, cutting herself off for ever to follow him. Her feet had found the right path at last. Her eyes were open. As two friends on the eve of a battle in which both must fight and whose end may be death, or as two friends starting on a long journey, whose end too, after tortuous ways of

suffering, may well be death, they quietly made their plans, talked over what was best to be done, gravely encouraging each other, always with the light of perfect trustfulness in their eyes. How strong they felt together! How able to go fearlessly towards the future, to meet any pain, any sorrow, together! The warder standing by, the miserable little room, the wretched details of the situation, no longer existed for either of them. Nothing could harm them, nothing could hurt them any more, if only they might be together. They were safe within a circle drawn round them by love—safe, and warm, and blest. So long as he had her and she him, though they saw how great their misery would be if they came to be less brave, they could not but believe in the benevolence of the future, they could not but have hope. If he were sentenced, she said, what, at the worst, would it mean? Two years, three years, waiting, and then together for the rest of their life. Was not that worth looking forward to? Would not that take away every sting? she asked, her hands on his shoulders, her face beautiful with confidence and courage. When he told her that she ought not now to cast in her lot with his, she only smiled, and laid her cheek against his sleeve. All her childish follies, and incertitudes, and false starts, were done with now. Life had grown suddenly simple. It was to be a cleaving to him till

death. Yet they both knew that when that golden hour was over, and she must go, the suffering would begin again. She was only to come twice a week; and the days between would be days of torture. And when the moment had come, and they had said good-bye with brave eyes, each telling the other that so short a separation was nothing, that they did not mind it, that it would be over before they had had time to feel it, and the door was shut, and he was left behind, she went out to find misery again, waiting for her there where she had left it, taking entire possession of her, brooding heavily, immovably over her, a desolation of misery that threatened by its dreadful weight to break her heart.

A sense of physical cold crept over her as she drove home with Letty—the bodily expression of the unutterable forlornness within. Away from him, how weak she was, how unable to be brave. Would Letty understand? Would she say some kind word, some little word—something, anything—that might make her feel less terribly alone? With many pauses and falterings she told her the story, looking at her with eyes tortured by the thought of him waiting so patiently there till she should come again. Letty was awestruck, as much by the profound grief of Anna's face as by the revelation. She knew, of course, that Axel had been arrested—did anyone at Kleinwalde talk of anything else

all day long?—but she had not dreamt of this. She could find nothing to say, and put out her hand timidly and laid it on Anna's. "I am so cold," was all Anna said, her head drooping; and she did not speak again.

As they passed between his fields, by his open gate, through the village that belonged, all of it, to him, she shut her eyes. She could not look at the happy summer fields, at the placid faces, knowing him where he was. Not the poorest of his servants, not a ragged child rolling in the dust, not a wretched, half-starved dog sunning itself in a doorway, whose lot was not blessed compared to his. The haymakers were piling up his hay on the waggons. Girls in white sunbonnets, with bare arms and legs, stood on the top of the loads catching the fragrant stuff as the men tossed it up. Their figures were sharply outlined against the serene sky; their shouts and laughter floated across the fields. Freedom to come and go at will in God's liberal sunlight—just that—how precious it was, how unspeakably precious it was. Of all God's gifts, surely the most precious. And how ordinary, how universal. Only for Axel there was none.

When they reached the house, the hall seemed to be full of people. The supper-bell had lately rung, and the inmates, talking and laughing, were going into the dining-room. Dellwig, his hands full of

papers, not having found Anna at home, was in the act of making elaborate farewell bows to the assembled ladies. After the two silent hours of suffering that lay between herself and Axel, how strange it was, this noisy bustle of daily life. She caught fragments of what they were saying, fragments of the usual prattle, the same nothings that they said every day, accompanied by the same vague laughs. How strange it was, and how awful, the tremendousness of life, the nearness of death, the absolute relentlessness of suffering, and all the prattle.

"*Um Gottes willen!*" shrieked Frau von Treumann, when she caught sight of this white image of grief set suddenly in their midst. "It has smashed up, then, your bank?" And she made a hasty movement towards the hall-table, on which lay a letter for Anna from Karlchen, containing, as she knew, an offer of marriage.

Anna turned with a blind sort of movement, and stretched out her hand for Letty, drawing her to her side, instinctively seeking any comfort, any support; and she stood a moment clinging to her, gazing at the little crowd with sombre, unseeing eyes.

"What has happened, Anna?" asked the princess uneasily.

"You must congratulate me," said Anna slowly in German, her head held very high, her face of a deathly whiteness.

A lightning look of comprehension flashed into Dellwig's eyes; he scarcely needed to hear the words that came next.

"Herr von Lohm and I were betrothed to-day," she said. Then she looked round at them with a vague, piteous look, and put her hand up to her throat. "We shall be married—we shall be married—when—when it pleases God."

CONCLUSION.

THE moral of this story, as Manske, wise after the event, pointed out when relating those parts of it that he knew on winter evenings to a dear friend, plainly is that all females—*alle Weiber*—are best married. "Their aspirations," he said, "may be high enough to do credit to the noblest male spirit; indeed, our gracious lady's aspirations were nobility itself. But the flesh of females is very weak. It cannot stand alone. It cannot realise the aspirations formed by its own spirit. It requires constant guidance. It is an excellent material, but it is only material in the raw."

"What?" cried his wife.

"Peace, woman. I say it is only material in the raw. And it is never of any practical use till the hand of the master has moulded it into shape."

"*Sehr richtig*," agreed the friend; with the more heartiness that he was conscious of a wife at home who had successfully withstood moulding during a married life of twenty years.



"That," said Manske, "is the most obvious moral. But there is yet another."

"The story is full of them," said the friend, who had had them all pointed out to him, different ones each time, during those evenings of howling tempests and indoor peace—the perfect peace of pipes, hot stoves, and *Glühwein*.

"The other," said Manske, "is, that it is very sinful for little girls to write love-poetry in the name of their aunts."

"To write love-poetry is at no time the function of little girls," said the friend.

"Such conduct cannot be too strongly censured," said Manske. "But to do it in the name of someone else is not only not *mädchenhaft*, it is sinful."

"These English little girls appear to know no shame," said his wife.

"Truly they might learn much from our own female youth," said the friend.

Letty's poems had undoubtedly been the indirect cause of the fire, of Axel's arrest, and of Anna's marriage. But if they had brought about Anna's happiness, they had also brought about Klutz's ruin. For Klutz, shattered in nerves, weak of will, overcome by the state of his conscience and the possible terrors of the next world, with the blood of three generations of pastors in his veins, every drop of which cried out to him day and night to save his

soul at least, whatever became of his body,—Klutz had confessed. He was only twenty, he knew himself to be really harmless, he had never had any intentions worse than foolish, and here he was, ruined. The act had been an act of temporary madness; and influenced by Dellwig, he had saved his skin afterwards as best he could. Now there was the price to pay, the heavy price, so tremendous when compared to the smallness of the follies that had led him on step by step. His bad genius, Dellwig, went free; and later on lived sufficiently far away from Kleinwalde to be greatly respected to the end of his days. Manske's eyes filled with tears when he came to the action of Providence in this matter—the mysteriousness of it, the utter inscrutableness of it, letting the morally responsible go unpunished, and allowing the poor young vicar, handicapped from his very entrance into the world by his weakness of character, to be overtaken on the threshold of life by so terrific a fate. "Truly the ways of Providence are past finding out," said Manske, sorrowfully shaking his head.

"I never did believe in Klutz," said his wife, thinking of her apple-jelly.

"Woman, kick not him who is down," said her husband, turning on her with reproachful sternness.

"Kick!" echoed his wife, tossing her head at this

rebuke, administered in the presence of the friend;
“I am not, I hope, so unwomanly as to kick.”

“It is a figure of speech,” mildly explained the friend.

“I like it not,” said Frau Manske gloomily.

“Peace,” said her husband.

THE END.

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Jane Austen, † 1817.
Sense and Sensibility 1 v. — Mansfield Park 1 v. — Pride and Prejudice 1 v. — Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion 1 v. — Emma 1 v.

Author of "Autobiography of Lutfullah," *vide* E. B. Eastwick.

Richard Bagot.
A Roman Mystery 2 v. — Casting of Nets 2 v.

S. Baring-Gould.
Mehalah 1 v. — John Herring 2 v. — Court Royal 2 v.

Lady Barker (Lady Broome).
Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. — Station Amusements in New Zealand 1 v. — A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa 1 v. — Letters to Guy, and A Distant Shore — Rodrigues 1 v.

Frank Barrett.
The Smuggler's Secret 1 v. — Out of the Jaws of Death 2 v.

J. M. Barrie.
Sentimental Tommy 2 v. — Margaret Ogilvy 1 v. — Tommy and Grizel 2 v.

Author of "Miss Bayle's Romance," *vide* W. Fraser Rae.

Rev. Robert H. Baynes.
Lyra Anglicana, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1 v.

Lord Beaconsfield, *vide* Disraeli.

Averil Beaumont (Mrs. Hunt).
Thornicroft's Model 2 v.

Currer Bell (Charlotte Brontë — Mrs. Nicholls), † 1855.

Jane Eyre 2 v. — Shirley 2 v. — Villette 2 v. — The Professor 1 v.

Ellis & Acton Bell (Emily, † 1848, and Anne, † 1849, Brontë).
Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.

Edward Bellamy (Am.), † 1898.
Looking Backward 1 v.

Frank Lee Benedict (Am.).
St. Simon's Niece 2 v.

E. F. Benson.
Dodo 1 v. — The Rabicon 1 v.

Sir Walter Besant, † 1901.
The Revolt of Man 1 v. — Doctor Forster 2 v. — Children of Gibeah 2 v. — The World went very well then 2 v. — Katharine Regina 1 v. — Herr Paulsen — The Inner House 1 v. — The Boy St. Paul's 2 v. — For Faith and Freedom 2 v. — Armored of Lyons 2 v. — Camellia Stephanotis, etc. 1 v. — Beyond the Dreams of Avarice 2 v. — The Master Craftsman 2 v. — A Fool Sealed 1 v. — The Orange Girl 2 v. — The Fourth Generation 1 v. — The Boy of Lynn 2 v.

Sir Walter Besant, † 1901, & James Rice, † 1882.
The Golden Butterfly 2 v. — Ready Money Mortiboy 2 v. — By Celia's Arrow 2 v.

M. Betham-Edwards.
The Sylvestres 1 v. — Felicia 2 v. — Brother Gabriel 2 v. — Forestalled 1 v. — Exchange no Robbery, and other Novelles 1 v. — Disarmed 1 v. — Doctor Jacob 1 v. — Pearla 1 v. — Next of Kin Wanted 1 v. — The Parting of the Ways 1 v. — For One and the World 1 v. — The Romance of a French Parsonage 1 v. — France of To-day 1 v. — Two Aunts and a Nephew 1 v. — A Dream of Millions 1 v. — The Curb of Honour 1 v. — France of To-day (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Romance of Dijon 1 v. — The Dream-Charlotte 1 v. — A Storm-Rent Sky 1 v. — Reminiscences 1 v. — The Lord of the Harvest 1 v. — Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875—1899 1 v. — A Suffolk Courtship 1 v.

Ambrose Bierce (Am.).
In the Midst of Life 1 v.

Mabel C. Birchenough.
Potsherds 1 v.

E. Bisland, v. Rhoda Broughton.

Prince Bismarck, *vide* Butler.
Vide also Wilhelm Görlach (Collection of German Authors, p. 29)

William Black, † 1898.

Daughter of Heth 2 v. — **In Silk Att-
2 v.** — **The Strange Adventures of a
eton** 2 v. — **A Princess of Thule** 2 v. —
enny 1 v. — **The Maid of Killeena, and
18 Stories** 1 v. — **Three Feathers** 2 v. —
**ly Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other
ries** 1 v. — **Madcap Violet** 2 v. —
sen Pastures and Piccadilly 2 v. —
cleod of Dare 2 v. — **White Wings**
— **Sunrise** 2 v. — **The Beautiful Wretch**
— **Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in
Highlands; The Four Macnicals; The
pill of Aurelius** 1 v. — **Shandon Bells
th Portrait** 2 v. — **Judith Shakespeare**
— **The Wise Women of Inverness,**
— **1 v.** — **White Heather** 2 v. — **Sabina
mbra** 2 v. — **The Strange Adventures
a House-Boat** 2 v. — **In Far Lochaber**
— **The New Prince Fortunatus** 2 v. —
and Fast, Craig-Royston 1 v. — **Donald
oss of Heimra** 2 v. — **The Magic Ink,
id other Tales** 1 v. — **Wolfenberg** 2 v. —
10 Handsome Humes 2 v. — **Highland
ousins** 2 v. — **Brisels** 2 v. — **Wild Eelin**
v.

**Author of "The Black-Box
Murder."**

The Black-Box Murder 1 v.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore,
† 1900.

Alice Lorraine 2 v. — **Mary Anerley**
1 v. — **Christowell** 2 v. — **Tommy Upmore**
2 v. — **Perlycross** 2 v.

"Blackwood."

Tales from "Blackwood" (First Series)
1 v. — **Tales from "Blackwood" (Second
Series)** 1 v.

Isa Blagden, † 1873.

**The Woman I loved, and the Woman
who loved me; A Tuscan Wedding** 1 v.

**Countess of Blessington (Mar-
guerite Gardiner), † 1849.**

Meredith 1 v. — **Strathern** 2 v. — **Me-
moirs of a Femme de Chambre** 1 v. —
Marmaduke Herbert 2 v. — **Country
Quarters (with Portrait)** 2 v.

Baroness Bloomfield.

**Reminiscences of Court and Diplo-
matic Life (with the Portrait of Her
Majesty the Queen)** 2 v.

Rolf Boldrewood.

Robbery under Arms 2 v. — **Nevermore**
2 v.

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell).

Lady Audley's Secret 2 v. — **Anrora
Floyd** 2 v. — **Eleanor's Victory** 2 v. — **John
Marchmont's Legacy** 2 v. — **Henry Dun-
bar** 2 v. — **The Doctor's Wife** 2 v. —
Only a Clod 2 v. — **Sir Jasper's Tenant**
2 v. — **The Lady's Mile** 2 v. — **Rupert God-
win** 2 v. — **Dead-Sea Fruit** 2 v. — **Run to
Earth** 2 v. — **Fenton's Quest** 2 v. — **The
Lovels of Arden** 2 v. — **Strangers and
Pilgrims** 2 v. — **Lucius Davoren** 3 v. —
Taken at the Flood 3 v. — **Lost for Love**
2 v. — **A Strange World** 2 v. — **Hostages
to Fortune** 2 v. — **Dead Men's Shoes**
2 v. — **Joshua Haggard's Daughter** 2 v. —
Weavers and Weft 1 v. — **In Great Waters,
and other Tales** 1 v. — **An Open Verdict**
3 v. — **Vixen** 3 v. — **The Cloven Foot** 3 v.
— **The Story of Barbara** 2 v. — **Just as I
am** 2 v. — **Asphodel** 3 v. — **Mount Royal**
2 v. — **The Golden Calf** 2 v. — **Flower and
Weed** 1 v. — **Phantom Fortune** 3 v. —
Under the Red Flag 1 v. — **Ishmael** 3 v.
— **Wyllard's Weird** 3 v. — **One Thing
Needful** 2 v. — **Cut by the County** 1 v. —
Like and Unlike 2 v. — **The Fatal Three**
2 v. — **The Day will come** 2 v. — **One
Life, One Love** 2 v. — **Gerard** 2 v. —
The Venetians 2 v. — **All along the River**
2 v. — **Thou art the Man** 2 v. — **The Christ-
mas Hirelings, etc.** 1 v. — **Sons of Fire**
2 v. — **London Pride** 2 v. — **Rough Justice**
2 v. — **In High Places** 2 v. — **His Darling
Sin** 1 v. — **The Infidel** 2 v.

Lady Brassey, † 1887.

A Voyage in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. —
Sunshine and Storm in the East 2 v. — **In
the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring
Forties** 2 v.

**Author of "The Bread-Winners"
(Am.).**

The Bread-Winners 1 v.

Bret Harte, vide Harte.

Rev. William Brock, † 1875.

Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B. 1 v.

Charlotte Brontë, vide Currer Bell.

**Emily & Anne Brontë, vide
Ellis & Acton Bell.**

Shirley Brooks, † 1874.

The Silver Cord 3 v. — **Sooner or Later**
3 v.

Lady Broome, vide Lady Barker.

Rhoda Broughton.

Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. — Not wisely, but too well 2 v. — Red as a Rose is She 2 v. — Tales for Christmas Eve 1 v. — Nancy 2 v. — Joan 2 v. — Second Thoughts 2 v. — Belinda 2 v. — Doctor Cupid 2 v. — Alas! 2 v. — Mrs. Bligh 1 v. — A Beginner 1 v. — Scylla or Charybdis? 1 v. — Dear Faustina 1 v. — The Game and the Candle 1 v. — Foes in Law 1 v.

Rhoda Broughton & Elizabeth Bisland.

A Widower Indeed 1 v.

John Brown, † 1882.

Rab and his Friends, and other Papers 1 v.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

† 1861.

A Selection from her Poetry (with Portrait) 1 v. — Aurora Leigh 1 v.

Robert Browning, † 1889.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 4 v.

Frank T. Bullen.

The Cruise of the "Cachalot" 2 v.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton,

† 1873.

Pelham (with Portrait) 1 v. — Eugene Aram 1 v. — Paul Clifford 1 v. — Zanoni 1 v. — The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. — The Disowned 1 v. — Ernest Maltravers 1 v. — Alice 1 v. — Eva, and The Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. — Devereux 1 v. — Godolphin and Falkland 1 v. — Rienzi 1 v. — Night and Morning 1 v. — The Last of the Barons 2 v. — Athens 2 v. — The Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. — Lucretia 2 v. — Harold 2 v. — King Arthur 2 v. — The New Timon, and St. Stephen's 1 v. — The Caxtons 2 v. — My Novel 4 v. — What will he do with it? 4 v. — Dramatic Works 2 v. — A Strange Story 2 v. — Caxtoniana 2 v. — The Lost Tales of Miletus 1 v. — Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. — Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. — Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. — The Coming Race 1 v. — The Parisians 4 v. — Pausanias, the Spartan 1 v.

Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling), † 1872.

Historical Characters 2 v. — The Life of Viscount Palmerston 3 v.

John Bunyan, † 1688.

The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v.

Author of "Buried Alone"

(Charles Wood).

Buried Alone 1 v.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (Am.).

Through one Administration 2 v. — Little Lord Fauntleroy 1 v. — Sara Crewe, and Editha's Burglar 1 v. — The Pretty Sister of José 1 v. — A Lady of Quality 2 v. — His Grace of Osmondo 2 v.

Miss Burney (Madame D'Arbly),

† 1840.

Evelina 1 v.

Robert Burns, † 1796.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Richard F. Burton, † 1890.

A Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina 3 v.

Baroness de Bury, *vide* "All for Greed."**A. J. Butler.**

Bismarck. His Reflections and Reminiscences. Translated from the great German edition, under the supervision of A. J. Butler. With two Portraits. 3 v.

Mrs. B. H. Buxton, † 1881.

Jennie of "The Prince's," 2 v. — Won! 2 v. — Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. — Nell — on and off the Stage 2 v. — From the Wings 2 v.

Lord Byron, † 1824.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, (Iota).

A Yellow Aster 1 v. — Children of Circumstance 2 v. — Anne Mauleverer 1 v.

Hall Caine.

The Bondman 2 v. — The Manxman 2 v. — The Christian 2 v.

Verney Lovett Cameron.

Across Africa 2 v.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, *vide* Praed.**Rosa Nouchette Carey.**

Not Like other Girls 2 v. — "But Men must Work" 1 v. — Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters 2 v. — The Old, Old Story 1 v. — Herb of Grace 2 v.

Thomas Carlyle, † 1881.

The French Revolution 3 v. — Frederick the Great 13 v. — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. — The Life of Schiller 1 v.

Alaric Carr.

Treherne's Temptation 2 v.

Egerton Castle.

Consequences 2 v. — "La Bella," and Others 1 v.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle Charles, † 1896, vide Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."

Maria Louisa Charlesworth,

† 1880.

Oliver of the Mill 1 v.

Mary Cholmondeley.

Diana Tempest 2 v. — Red Pottage 2 v.

Princess Christian, vide Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" (Mrs.

E. Rundle Charles), † 1896.

Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. — The Draytons and the Davenants 2 v. — On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. — Winifred Bertram 1 v. — Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyman 1 v. — The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. — The Cottage by the Cathedral and other Parables 1 v. — Against the Stream 2 v. — The Bertram Family 2 v. — Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. — Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.

Alfred Clark.

The Finding of Lot's Wife 1 v.

Samuel L. Clemens, vide Twain.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman 1 v. — Aunt Anne 2 v. — The Last Touches, and other Stories 1 v. — Mrs. Keith's Crime 1 v. — A Wild Proxy 1 v. — A Flash of Summer 1 v. — A Woman Alone 1 v.

Mrs. Caroline Clive, † 1873, vide Author of "Paul Ferroll."

Frances Power Cobbe.

Re-Echoes 1 v.

C. R. Coleridge.

An English Squire 2 v.

M. E. Coleridge.

The King with two Faces 2 v.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, † 1834.
Poems 1 v.

Charles Allston Collins, † 1873.
A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.

Mortimer Collins, † 1876.

Sweet and Twenty 2 v. — A Fight with Fortune 2 v.

Wilkie Collins, † 1889.

After Dark 1 v. — Hide and Seek 2 v. — A Plot in Private Life, etc. 1 v. — The Woman in White 2 v. — Basil 1 v. — No Name 3 v. — The Dead Secret, and other Tales 2 v. — Antonina 2 v. — Armadale 3 v. — The Moonstone 2 v. — Man and Wife 3 v. — Poor Miss Finch 2 v. — Miss or Mrs.? 1 v. — The New Magdalen 2 v. — The Frozen Deep 1 v. — The Law and the Lady 2 v. — The Two Destinies 1 v. — My Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet 1 v. — The Haunted Hotel 1 v. — The Fallen Leaves 2 v. — Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. — The Black Robe 2 v. — Heart and Science 2 v. — "I say No," 2 v. — The Evil Genius 2 v. — The Guilty River, and The Ghost's Touch 1 v. — The Legacy of Cain 2 v. — Blind Love 2 v.

Author of "Cometh up as a Flower," vide Rhoda Broughton.

Joseph Conrad.

An Outcast of the Islands 2 v. — Tales of Unrest 1 v.

Hugh Conway (F. J. Fergus), † 1885.

Called Back 1 v. — Bound Together 2 v. — Dark Days 1 v. — A Family Affair 2 v. — Living or Dead 2 v.

James Fenimore Cooper (Am.),

† 1851.

The Spy (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Two Admirals 1 v. — The Jack O' Lantern 1 v.

Mrs. Cooper, vide Katharine Saunders.

Marie Corelli.

Vendetta 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath"

3 v. — Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v.

Author of "The County."

The County 1 v.

George Lillie Craik, † 1866.

A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Dinah M. Mulock),
† 1887.

John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — The Head of the Family 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. — Agatha's Husband 1 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — Mistress and Maid 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Eristoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — Bread upon the Waters 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. — Two Marriages 1 v. — Studies from Life 1 v. — Poems 1 v. — The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. — The Unkind Word, and other Stories 2 v. — A Brave Lady 2 v. — Hannah 2 v. — Fair France 1 v. — My Mother and I 1 v. — The Little Lane Prince 1 v. — Sermons out of Church 1 v. — The Laurel-Bush; Two little Tinkers 1 v. — A Legacy 2 v. — Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. — His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — Plain Speaking 1 v. — Miss Tommy 1 v. — King Arthur 1 v.

Georgiana M. Craik (Mrs. May).

Lost and Won 1 v. — Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. — Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. — Winifred's Wooing, etc. 1 v. — Mildred 1 v. — Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. — Hero Trevelyan 1 v. — Without Kith or Kin 2 v. — Only a Butterfly 1 v. — Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. — Anne Warwick 1 v. — Dorcas 2 v. — Two Women 2 v.

Georgiana M. Craik & M. C.
Stirling.

Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Mrs. Augustus Craven, *vide* Lady Fullerton.

F. Marion Crawford (Am.).

Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claudius 1 v. — To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman Singer 1 v. — An American Politician 1 v. — Zoroaster 1 v. — A Tale of a Lonely Paris 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. — Paul Patoff 2 v. — With the Immortals 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sant' Ilario 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch of Prague 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — Don Orsini 2 v. — The Children of the King 1 v. — Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Darche 1 v. — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — The Ravens 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Adam Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisara 2 v. — A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — Corleone 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v. — In the Palace of the King 2 v. — Marietta, a Maid of Venice 2 v.

S. R. Crockett.

The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kelly 2 v. — The Grey Man 2 v. — Love Idylls 1 v.

J. W. Cross, *vide* George Eliot's Life.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip, *vide*
A. Thomas.

Miss Cummins (Am.), † 1866.

The Lamplighter 1 v. — Mabel Vaughan 1 v. — El Fureidis 1 v. — Haunted Hearts 1 v.

Paul Cushing.

The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."

War Correspondence, 1877, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

Author of "Dark."

Dark 1 v.

Richard Harding Davis (Am.).

Gallegher, etc. 1 v. — Van Bibber and Others 1 v.

Daniel De Foe, † 1731.

Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

Margaret Deland (Am.).

John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

Author of "Democracy" (Am.).
Democracy 1 v.

Author of "Demos," *vide* George Gissing.

Author of "Diary and Notes," *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."

Charles Dickens, † 1870.

The Pickwick Club (with Portrait) 2 v. — American Notes 1 v. — Oliver Twist 1 v. — Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. — Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. — A Christmas Carol: The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock and Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 1 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. — Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of England (2 v. 8^o M. 2, 70.) — Hard Times 1 v. — Little Dorrit (with Illustrations) 4 v. — The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man 1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. — Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend (with Illustrations) 4 v. — Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Mariold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. — The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Illustrations) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers, etc. 1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed. by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 1 v. — *Vide* also Household Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.

Charles Dickens & Wilkie Collins.

No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Holingford 1 v.

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, † 1881.

Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. — Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. — Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.

Ella Hepworth Dixon.

The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v.

W. Hepworth Dixon, † 1879.

Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. — Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest 2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

L. Dougall (Am.).

Beggars All 2 v.

Ménie Muriel Dowie.

A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

A. Conan Doyle.

The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke 2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales 1 v. — The White Company 2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. — The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp 1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. — The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. — Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. — The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A Duet 1 v. — The Green Flag 1 v. — The Great Boer War 2 v.

Professor Henry Drummond,

† 1897.

The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

Dunton, *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.

The Earl and the Doctor.

South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

The Earl of Dufferin.

Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Edward B. Eastwick, † 1883.

Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.

Maria Edgeworth, *vide* Series for the Young, p. 29.

Mrs. Annie Edwardes.

Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ballroom Repentance 2 v. — A Girt-on Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v. — The Adventuress 1 v.

Amelia B. Edwards, † 1892.

Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Million of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. — Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Val-

leys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets 1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. — A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. — Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

M. Betham-Edwards, v. Betham.

Edward Eggleston (Am.).

The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Barbara Elbon (Am.).

Bethesda 2 v.

George Eliot (Miss Evans — Mrs. Cross), † 1880.

Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. — Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. — Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. — Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book 1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.

Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v. — The Solitary Summer 1 v.

Mrs. Frances Elliot, † 1898.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. — Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. — The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. — Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman Gossip 1 v.

Author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters 1 v.

Henry Erroll.

An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

E. Rentoul Esler.

The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

The Authors of "Essays and Reviews."

Essays and Reviews. By various Authors 1 v.

Author of "Estelle Russell"
Estelle Russell 2 v.

Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.

Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Philosopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland 1 v. — Orchardcroft 1 v. — Appassionata 1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The Queen's Serf 1 v.

Author of "Euthanasia."

Euthanasia 1 v.

Juliana Horatia Ewing, † 1885.
Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life; Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies, and other Tales 1 v.

Author of "Expiated."

Expiated 2 v.

F. J. Fargus, vide Hugh Conway.

F. W. (Dean) Farrar.

Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

Authors of "The Fate of Fenella."

The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Percy Fendall, vide F. C. Philips.

George Manville Fenn.

The Parson o' Dummford 2 v. — The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Henry Fielding, † 1754.

Tom Jones 2 v.

Five Centuries

of the English Language and Literature: John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. — Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. — Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published 1860) 1 v.

George Fleming (Am.).

Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Archibald Forbes, † 1900.

My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide also* "Daily News," War Correspondence.

R. E. Forrest.

Eight Days 2 v.

Mrs. Forrester.

Viva 2 v. — **Rhona** 2 v. — **Roy and Viola** 1 v. — **My Lord and My Lady** 2 v. — **I have Lived and Loved** 2 v. — **June** 2 v. — **Omnia Vanitas** 1 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — **Corisande**, and other Tales 1 v. — **Once Again** 2 v. — **Of the World, Worldly** 1 v. — **Dearest** 2 v. — **The Light of other Days** 1 v. — **Too Late Repented** 1 v.

John Forster, † 1876.

The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — **Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith** 2 v.

Jessie Fothergill.

The First Violin 2 v. — **Probation** 2 v. — **Made or Marred**, and "One of Three" 1 v. — **Kith and Kin** 2 v. — **Peril** 2 v. — **Borderland** 2 v.

Author of "Found Dead," *vide* James Payn.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

A Double Thread 2 v. — **The Farringtons** 2 v.

Caroline Fox, † 1871.

Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

Author of "Frank Fairleigh" (F. E. Smedley), † 1864.

Frank Fairleigh 2 v.

M. E. Francis.

The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Harold Frederic (Am.), † 1898.

Illumination 2 v. — **March Hares** 1 v.

Edward A. Freeman, † 1892.

The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. — **Select Historical Essays** 1 v. — **Sketches from French Travel** 1 v.

James Anthony Froude, † 1894.

Oceana 1 v. — **The Spanish Story of the Armada**, and other Essays 1 v.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, † 1885.

Ellen Middleton 1 v. — **Grantley Manor** 2 v. — **Lady Bird** 2 v. — **Too Strange not to be True** 2 v. — **Constance Sherwood** 2 v. — **A Stormy Life** 2 v. — **Mrs. Gerald's Niece** 2 v. — **The Notary's Daughter** 1 v. — **The Lilies of the Valley**, and **The House of Penarvan** 1 v. — **The Countess de Bonneval**

1 v. — **Rose Leblanc** 1 v. — **Seven Stories** 1 v. — **The Life of Luisa de Carvajal** 1 v. — **A Will and a Way**, and **The Handkerchief at the Window** 2 v. — **Eliane** 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — **Laurentia** 1 v.

Marguerite Gardiner, *vide* Lady Blessington.

Mrs. Gaskell, † 1865.

Mary Barton 1 v. — **Ruth** 2 v. — **North and South** 1 v. — **Lizzie Leigh**, and other Tales 1 v. — **The Life of Charlotte Brontë** 2 v. — **Lois the Witch**, etc. 1 v. — **Sylvia's Lovers** 2 v. — **A Dark Night's Work** 1 v. — **Wives and Daughters** 3 v. — **Cranford** 1 v. — **Cousin Phillis**, and other Tales 1 v.

Author of "Geraldine Hawthorne," *vide* Author of "Miss Molly."

Dorothea Gerard (Madame de Longard).

Lady Baby 2 v. — **Recha** 1 v. — **Orthodox** 1 v. — **The Wrong Man** 1 v. — **A Spotless Reputation** 1 v. — **A Forgotten Sin** 1 v. — **One Year** 1 v. — **The Supreme Crime** 1 v.

E. Gerard (Emily de Łaszowska).

A Secret Mission 1 v. — **A Foreigner** 2 v. — **The Extirpation of Love** 2 v.

Agnes Giberne.

The Curate's Home 1 v.

George Gissing.

Demos. A Story of English Socialism 2 v. — **New Grub Street** 2 v.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone,

† 1898.

Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — **Bulgarian Horrors**, and **Russia in Turkistan**, with other Tracts 1 v. — **The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem**, with other Tracts 1 v.

Elinor Glyn.

The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v.

Hal Godfrey (Charlotte O'Connor Eccles).

The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.

Oliver Goldsmith, † 1774.

Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Edward J. Goodman.

Too Curious 1 v.

Julien Gordon (Am.).
A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.

Major-Gen. C. G. Gordon, † 1885.
His Journals at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake (with eighteen illustrations) 2 v.

Mrs. Gore, † 1861.
Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dean's Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lessons 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Heckington 2 v.

Sarah Grand.
Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs the Impossible 2 v.

Miss Grant.
Victor Lascar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — Cara Roma 2 v.

Maxwell Gray.
The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — The Reproach of Annesley 2 v.

E. C. Grenville: Murray (Trois-Etoiles), † 1881.

The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*First Series*) 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*Second Series*) 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.

Ethel St. Clair Grimwood.
My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.

W. A. Baillie Grohman.
Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.

Archibald Clavering Gunter (Am.).
Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.

F. Anstey Guthrie, *vide* Anstey.
Author of "Guy Livingstone"

(George Alfred Laurence), † 1876.
Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarène 2 v.

John Habberton (Am.).
Helen's Babies & Other People's Chil-

dren 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.

H. Rider Haggard.
King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawa 2 v. — Monteruma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Thorne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart, and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v.

H. Rider Haggard & Andrew Lang.
The World's Desire 2 v.

A. E. Hake, *vide* Gen. Gordon.
Mrs. S. C. Hall, † 1881.
Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, † 1894.
Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Miss Iza Hardy, *vide* Author of "Not Easily Jealous."

Thomas Hardy.
The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v.

Beatrice Harraden.
Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v.

Agnes Harrison.
Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Bret Harte (Am.).
Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts; — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. — Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two

Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend, and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. — Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs, and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of Tassajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client, and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The Devotion of Enriques 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. — Under the Redwoods 1 v.

Sir Henry Havelock, *vide* Rev. W. Brock.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (Am.),
† 1864.

The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne 2 v.

Mrs. Hector, *vide* Mrs. Alexander.

Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," *vide* Charlotte M. Yonge.

Sir Arthur Helps, † 1875.
Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, † 1835.
Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Maurice Hewlett.
The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay 2 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v.

Robert Hichens.
Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v.

Admiral Hobart Pasha, † 1886.
Sketches from my Life 1 v.

John Oliver Hobbes.
The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Annie E. Holdsworth.
The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v.

Holme Lee, *vide* Harriet Parr.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (Am.),
† 1894.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.

Anthony Hope (Hawkins).
Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. — The God in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Count Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v. — Quisante 1 v. — Tristram of Blent 2 v.

Tighe Hopkins.
An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v.

Author of "Horace Templeton."
Diary and Notes 1 v.

Ernest William Hornung.
A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boss of Taroomba 1 v. — My Lord Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksman 1 v. — The Rogue's March 1 v. — The Belle of Toorak 1 v. — Peccavi 1 v.

"Household Words."
Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — NOVELS and TALKS reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Mrs. Houstoun, *vide* "Recommended to Mercy."

Author of "How to be Happy though Married."

How to be Happy though Married 1 v.

Blanche Willis Howard (Am.),
† 1899.

One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. —
Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. —
The Open Door 2 v.

Blanche Willis Howard, † 1899,
& William Sharp.

A Fellowe and His Wife 1 v.

William Dean Howells (Am.).

A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The
Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern
Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country
1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v.
— Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Ac-
quaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey
1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and
Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's
Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. —
The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v. — A Pair
of Patient Lovers 1 v.

Thomas Hughes, † 1898.

Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Mrs. Hungerford (Mrs. Argles),
† 1897.

Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v.
— Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. —
Loys, Lord Berresford, and other Tales
1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other
Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne
2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn,
etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other
Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey
Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. —
Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly
Barrington 1 v. — Lady Brankmere 2 v.
— Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A
Modern Circe 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The
Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Cur-
rents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A
Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. —
A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette
2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's
Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine,
and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora
Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other
Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The
Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatis-
factory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. —
The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War
1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. —

A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely
Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of
Chloe 1 v.

Mrs. Hunt, *vide* Averil
Beaumont.

Violet Hunt.

The Human Interest 1 v.

Jean Ingelow, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. —
Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de
Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

The Hon. Lady Inglis.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

John H. Ingram, *vide* E. A. Poe.

Iota, *vide* Mrs. Mannington
Caffyn.

Washington Irving (Am.), † 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. —
The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the
Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Gold-
smith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost
1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.)
(Am.), † 1885.

Ramona 2 v.

W. W. Jacobs.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's
Woeing, and The Brown Man's Servant
1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of
Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v.

Charles T. C. James.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

G. P. R. James, † 1860.

Morley Erstein (with Portrait) 1 v. —
Forest Days 1 v. — The False Hair 1 v. —
Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret
1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. —
The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother
2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg
1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of
Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell
2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore
Broughton 2 v.

Henry James (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans
1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International
Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick
Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the
Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering,
etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washing-

man Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v.

J. Cordy Jeaffreson.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Mrs. Charles Jenkin, † 1885.

"Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Edward Jenkins.

Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

Author of "Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome K. Jerome.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v.

Douglas Jerrold, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow, *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Samuel Johnson, † 1784.
Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Emily Jolly.

Colonel Dacre 2 v.

Author of "Joshua Davidson," *vide* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Miss Julia Kavanagh, † 1877.

Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. —

Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. — *Vide* also Series for the Young, p. 29.

Annie Keary, † 1879.

Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

D'Esterre-Keeling, *vide* Esterre.

Thomas a Kempis.

The Imitation of Christ. Translated from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Richard B. Kimball (Am.), †

Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New York 1 v.

Alexander William Kinglake,

† 1891.

Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the Crimea 14 v.

Charles Kingsley, † 1875.

Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Two Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alton Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Henry Kingsley, † 1876.

Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffrey Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. — Reginald Hetherage 2 v. — The Grange Garden 2 v.

Albert Kinross.

An Opera and Lady Grassmere 1 v.

Rudyard Kipling.

Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v.

May Laffan.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor, etc. 1 v.

Charles Lamb, † 1834.

The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v.

Mary Langdon (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers" (Miss Piddington).

The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Mme de Laszowska, *vide* E. Gerard.

The Hon. Emily Lawless.
Hurriah 1 v.

George Alfred Laurence, *vide*
Author of "Guy Livingstone."

"Leaves from the Journal of
our Life in the Highlands," *vide*
Victoria R. I.

Holme Lee, † 1900, *vide* Harriet
Parr.

J. S. Le Fanu, † 1873.
Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Mark Lemon, † 1870.
Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last
2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall,
and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters
2 v.

Author of "The Letters of Her
Mother to Elizabeth."
The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth
1 v.

Charles Lever, † 1872.
The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of
Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. —
Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Malley
3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. —
Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. —
The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The
Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The For-
tunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel
3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions
of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. —
Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Sir Jasper Carew
2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride
2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler
2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The
Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A
Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Nor-
cott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul
Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kil-
gobbin 2 v.

S. Levett-Yeats.
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The
Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's
Way 1 v.

G. H. Lewes, † 1878.

Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of
Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the
Art of Acting 1 v.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, † 1898.

The true History of Joshua Davidson
1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The
Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The
World well Lost 2 v. — Under which
Lord? 2 v. — With a Silken Thread, and
other Stories 1 v. — Todhunters' at Loose
in' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — "My
Love!" 2 v. — The Girl of the Period,
and other Social Essays 1 v. — Ione 2 v.

Laurence W. M. Lockhart, † 1882.
Mine is Thine 2 v.

Lord Augustus Loftus.
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837-1862
(with Portrait) 2 v.

Mme de Longard, *vide* D. Gerard.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(Am.), † 1882.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. —
The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri
3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v. —
The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-
Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. —
The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems
1 v.

Margaret Lonsdale.
Sister Dora (with a Portrait of Sister
Dora) 1 v.

Author of "A Lost Battle."
A Lost Battle 2 v.

Sir John Lubbock, Bart.
The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beau-
ties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. —
The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzer-
land (with Illustrations) 2 v.

"Lutfullah," *vide* Eastwick

Edna Lyall.
We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In
the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Er-
rant 2 v. — Won by Waiting 2 v. — Wayfaring
Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. —
Doreen 2 v.

Lord Lytton, *vide* E. Bulwer.

Robert Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), † 1891.
Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.

Maarten Maartens.
The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An
i Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v.
The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady
body 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some
omen I have known 1 v.

**Thomas Babington, Lord Mac-
aulay,** † 1859.

History of England (with Portrait)
v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v.
Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches
v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — Wil-
iam Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also
revelyan).

Justin McCarthy.

The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. —
ear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misan-
rope 2 v. — A History of our own Times
v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A short
history of our own Times 2 v. — A
history of the Four Georges vols. 1 &
2. — A History of our own Times vols.
1 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the
Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3,
& 5 (supplemental).

George Mac Donald.

Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — Annals
of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. — David
Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter
1 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and
St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of
Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary
Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child
Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Prin-
cess and Curdie 1 v.

Mrs. Mackarness, † 1881.

Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless
Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

Eric Mackay, † 1898.

Love Letters of a Violinist, and other
Poems 1 v.

Charles McKnight (Am.).
Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Ian Maclaren.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. —
The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v.

Norman Macleod, † 1872.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

James Macpherson, † 1696, *vide*
Ossian.

Mrs. Macquoid.

Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. —
Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — Too
Soon 1 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v.
— Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful
Lover 2 v.

Author of "Mademoiselle Mori"
(Miss Roberts).

Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v.
— Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the
Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du
Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.

Lord Mahon, vide Stanhope.

E. S. Maine.

Scarcliff Rocks 2 v.

Lucas Malet.

Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The
History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v.

The Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B.
Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.

Mary E. Mann.

A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar
Star 1 v.

Robert Blachford Mansfield.
The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Mark Twain, vide Twain.

Author of "Marmorne," *vide*
P. G. Hamerton.

Capt. Marryat, † 1848.

Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. —
Percival Keene 1 v. — Peter Simple 1 v. —
Japhet in Search of a Father 1 v. —
Monsieur Violet 1 v. — The Settlers in
Canada 1 v. — The Mission 1 v. — The
Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of
the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. —
Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. — The King's
Own 1 v.

Florence Marryat, † 1899.

Love's Conflict 2 v. — For Ever and
Ever 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald
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Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the
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Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. —

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Mrs. Anne Marsh (Caldwell),
† 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Castle Avon 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. — The Heiress of Haughton 2 v. — Evelyn Marston 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Mrs. Emma Marshall, † 1899.

Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. — Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. — In the East Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. — In the City of Flowers 1 v. — Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. — The End Crowns All 1 v. — Winchester Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. — Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells 1 v. — In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v. — Penshurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington Palace 1 v. — The White King's Daughter

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The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

George du Maurier, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

Mrs. Maxwell, *vide* Miss Braddon.

Author of "Mehalah," *vide* Baring-Gould.

George J. Whyte Melville, † 1878.

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Holmby House 2 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for Nothing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. — The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. — M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. — Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. — Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. — Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

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H. S. Merriman & S. G. Tallentyre.
The Money-Spinner, etc. 1 v.

John Milton, † 1674.
Poetical Works 1 v.

Author of "Miss Molly."
Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

Author of "Molly Bawn," *vide* Mrs. Hungerford.

Florence Montgomery.

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Thomas Moore, † 1852.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Lady Morgan, † 1859.
Memoirs 3 v.

Henry Morley, † 1894.
Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition (v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.

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David Christie Murray.
Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Grenville: Murray, *vide* Grenville.
Author of "My Little Lady," *vide* E. Frances Poynter.

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Common Sense 2 v.

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Callista 1 v.

Mrs. Nicholls, *vide* Currer Bell.
Author of "Nina Balatka," *vide* Anthony Trollope.

Author of "No Church" (F. Robinson).
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Hon. Mrs. Norton, † 1877.

Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Lost and Saved 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

Author of "Not Easily Jealous"
(Miss Iza Hardy).

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

"Novels and Tales," *vide* "Household Words."

Charlotte O'Connor-Eccles, *vide*
Hal Godfrey.

Laurence Oliphant, † 1888.

Altiora Peti 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.

Mrs. Oliphant, † 1897.

The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Ombrà 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — A Rose in June 1 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — White-ladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phoebe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. — Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.

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Author of "The Outcasts," *vide*
"Roy Tellet."

Gilbert Parker.

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Harriet Parr (Holme Lee), † 1900.

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Mrs. Parr.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

George Paston.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Mrs. Paul, *vide* Author of "Still Waters."

Author of "Paul Ferroll" (Mrs.
Caroline Clive).

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year

v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife v.

James Payn, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Har-
rest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. —
Not Wooded, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryst
1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. —
Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of
a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her
Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. —
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ance of George Driffell, and other Tales
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dame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Donna
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The Impregnable City 1 v. — A Woman
of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Phantom Army
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Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — Pro Patria 1 v.

Bishop Thomas Percy, † 1811.
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

F. C. Philips.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean
and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. —
A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and
Three Jills 1 v. — Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. —
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band 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A
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Ross's Marriage 1 v.

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Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy
1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The
Good Red Earth 1 v.

Miss Piddington, *vide* Author of
"The Last of the Cavaliers."

Edgar Allan Poe (Am.), † 1849.

Poems and Essays, edited with a new
Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales,
edited by John H. Ingram 1 v.

Alexander Pope, † 1744.

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Presnel 1 v.

Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Zéro 1 v. — Affinities 1 v. — The Head
Station 2 v.

Mrs. E. Prentiss (Am.), † 1878.

Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

The Prince Consort, † 1861.

His Principal Speeches and Addresses
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Richard Pryce.

Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.

Hor. N. Pym, *vide* Caroline Fox.

Q (A. T. Quiller-Couch).

Noughts and Crosses 1 v. — I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — La and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v.

H. M. the Queen, *vide* Victoria R. I.

W. Fraser Rae.

Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.

C. E. Raimond (Miss Robins).
The Open Question 2 v.

Author of "The Rajah's Heir."
The Rajah's Heir 2 v.

Charles Reade, † 1884.

"It is never too late to mend" 2 v. —
"Love me little, love me long" 1 v. —
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Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. —
A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Wof-
fington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. —
A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir
1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana
1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.

Author of "Recommended to
Mercy" (Mrs. Houstoun).

"Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. —
Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.

Mrs. Reeves, *vide* Helen Mathers.

Grace Rhys.

Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of
Sheila 1 v.

James Rice, *vide* Walter Besant.

Alfred Bate Richards, † 1876.
So very Human 3 v.

S. Richardson, † 1761.

Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.

Mrs. Riddell (F. G. Trafford).

George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Max-
well Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth
2 v. — Far above Rubies 2 v. — The Earl's
Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, *vide*
Miss Thackeray.

Miss Roberts, *vide* Author of
"Mademoiselle Mori."

Rev. Frederick W. Robertson,
† 1853.

Sermons 4 v.

Miss Robins, *vide* Raimond.

F. Robinson, *vide* Author of "No
Church."

Charles H. Ross.

The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London
Romance 2 v.

Martin Ross, *vide* Somerville.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, † 1882.
Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.

"Roy Tellet."

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Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.

J. Ruffini, † 1881.

Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. —
Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. —
A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The
Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v. —
Carlino, and other Stories 1 v.

W. Clark Russell.

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"Lady Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.

George W. E. Russell.

Collections and Recollections. By One
who has kept a Diary 2 v.

George Augustus Sala, † 1895.
The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.

John Saunders.

Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The
Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble
Wife 2 v.

Katherine Saunders (Mrs. Cooper).

Joan Merryweather, and other Tales
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Richard Henry Savage (Am.).

My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady
of Lagunitas (with Portrait) 2 v. — Prince
Schamyl's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked
Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — The
Anarchist 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas
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Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked
Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. —

the Swim 2 v. — The White Lady of
haminavatka 2 v. — In the House of His
riends 2 v.

Olive Schreiner.

Trooper Peter Halket of Mashona-
and 1 v.

Sir Walter Scott, † 1832.

Waverley (with Portrait) 1 v. — The
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worth 1 v. — Quentin Durward 1 v. — Old
Fortality 1 v. — Guy Mannering 1 v. —
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Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. — The Black Dwarf;
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Lothian 2 v. — The Monastery 1 v. — The
Abbott 1 v. — Peveril of the Peak 2 v. —
Poetical Works 2 v. — Woodstock 1 v. —
The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. — Anne of
Geierstein 1 v.

Prof. J. R. Seeley, M.A., † 1895.

Life and Times of Stein (with a Portrait
of Stein) 4 v. — The Expansion of Eng-
land 1 v. — Goethe 1 v.

Elizabeth Sewell.

Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A
Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal
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William Shakespeare, † 1616.

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Richard Brinsley Sheridan, † 1816.

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J. Henry Shorthouse.

John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche, Lady
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F. E. Smedley, *vide* Author of
"Frank Fairleigh."

Tobias Smollett, † 1771.

Roderick Random 1 v. — Humphry
Clinker 1 v. — Peregrine Pickle 2 v.

Author of "Society in London."
Society in London. By a Foreign
Resident 1 v.

E. C. Somerville & Martin Ross.
Naboth's Vineyard 1 v.

Author of "The Spanish Brothers."
The Spanish Brothers 2 v.

Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon),
† 1875.

The History of England 7 v. — Reign
of Queen Anne 2 v.

G. W. Stevens, † 1900.

From Capetown to Ladysmith 1 v.

Laurence Sterne, † 1768.

Tristram Shandy 1 v. — A Sentimental
Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.

Robert Louis Stevenson, † 1894.

Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and
Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. —
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The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry
Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. —
Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. —
Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. —
St. Ives 2 v. — In the South Seas 2 v.

Author of "Still Waters" (Mrs.
Paul).

Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De
Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden
Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa
1 v.

M. C. Stirling, *vide* G. M. Craik.

Frank R. Stockton (Am.).

The House of Martha 1 v.

Author of "The Story of a Penitent
Soul."

The Story of a Penitent Soul 1 v.

Author of "The Story of Elizabeth,"
vide Miss Thackeray.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe
(Am.), † 1896.

Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. —
A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred
2 v. — The Minister's Wooing 1 v. — Old-
town Folks 2 v.

Author of "Sunbeam Stories,"
vide Mrs. Mackarness.

Jonathan Swift (Dean Swift), † 1745.
Gulliver's Travels 1 v.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.
Atalanta in Calydon: and *Lyrical Poems*
 (edited, with an Introduction, by William
 Sharp) 1 v.

John Addington Symonds, † 1893.
Sketches in Italy 1 v. — *New Italian*
Sketches 1 v.

S.G. Tallentyre, v. H. S. Merriman.
Tasma.

Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.

Baroness Tautphoeus, † 1893.
Cyrilla 2 v. — *The Initials* 2 v. — *Quits*
 2 v. — *At Odds* 2 v.

Col. Meadows Taylor, † 1876.
Tara; a *Mahratta Tale* 3 v.

Templeton, vide Author of
"Horace Templeton."

Alfred (Lord) Tennyson, † 1892.

Poetical Works 8 v. — *Queen Mary*
 1 v. — *Harold* 1 v. — *Becket*; *The Cup*;
The Falcon 1 v. — *Locksley Hall*, sixty
 Years after; *The Promise of May*; *Tiresias*
 and other Poems 1 v. — *A Memoir. By*
His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.

The New Testament, vide New.

William Makepeace Thackeray,
 † 1863.

Vanity Fair 3 v. — *Pendennis* 3 v. —
Miscellanies 8 v. — *Henry Esmond* 2 v. —
The English Humourists of the Eighteenth
Century 1 v. — *The Newcomes* 4 v. — *The*
Virginians 4 v. — *The Four Georges*;
Lovel the Widower 1 v. — *The Adventures*
of Philip 2 v. — *Denis Duval* 1 v. —
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Thoth 1 v.

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